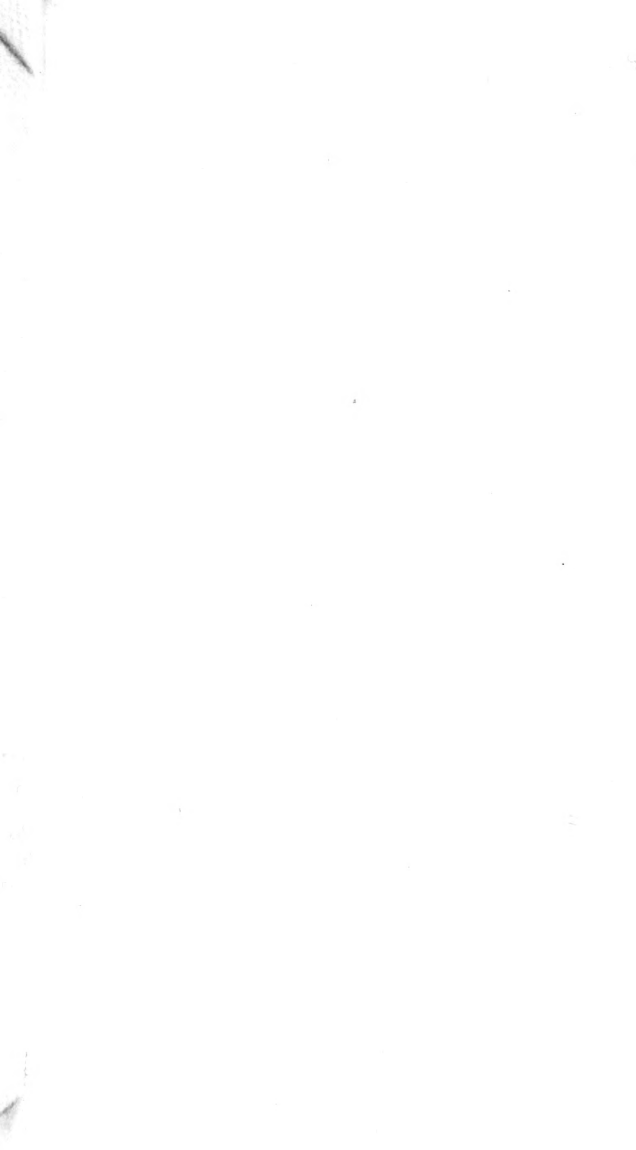


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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"COMIC TALES"

AND

LYRICAL FANCIES;

INCLUDING

The Chessiad,

A MOCK-HEROIC, IN FIVE CANTOS;

AND

THE WREATH OF LOVE,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

By C.^{Charles} DIBDIN, THE YOUNGER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. B. WHITTAKER,
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TO

ADMIRAL SIR JOSEPH YORKE, K.C.B.

THESE PAGES ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

“ THERE'S nothing makes the human face
Celestial like a smile,”

Says my father, in one of his popular songs ; and to raise a good-natured smile was the major part of this work written, and printed—*in season*, I hope ; since the last work which I produced, (an eccentric Novel, called “ Isn't it Odd ?”) ushered into the world by my present worthy publisher, was, as he informed me, published *out of season*, and the result was, the “ fall of the leaf ;” for which he, no doubt, very properly accounted, since, to impute injustice to the public were arrogance, and—a blockhead is the last to discover his own imbecility.

To say any thing of the contents of this volume might be saying too much ; I shall, nevertheless, observe that, as a few irregularities have been overlooked, I hope the reader will excuse them ;

that it would be impertinence to suppose that the legitimate critic could possibly apply the “Ornithological Review” (page 17) to himself; that, if among the *Comic Tales*, an old friend or two should be recognised, I trust they will appear with new faces; and that such faces may become very familiar to the public is, from me, a very natural wish; but should it prove otherwise, as it will not be the first time that my wishes have been crossed, it will not very materially affect my philosophy.

C. DIBDIN, THE YOUNGER.

December 16th, 1824.

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ERRATA.

A few clerical errors occur, in punctuation and otherwise, which require no reference.

Page 42, top line, *omit* the inverted commas.

CHESSIAD.

Page 160. In the *note*—bottom line, for, “White king’s knight’s 3d square,” read, “White king’s 3d square.”

LEVITIES
AND
COMIC TALES.



TO MY PEN.

COME, my worn pen ; companion—friend !
Whom, like myself, there 's cause to mend ;
I, for a subject at wit's end,
 To save brains' rack,
Thee with the rhyme thou render'st blend,
 Poor jaded hack !

O, would thou wert of that high breed
(All strangers to the sons of need)
Which write, what all delighted read,
 Who are to share it,
“ *Pay to the bearer* ”—why proceed ?
 We musn't bear it.

No ; thou wert ne'er, when meant for use,
Pluck'd from the wing of golden goose ;
Tho' golden rules thou might'st produce,
 In rhyme or prosing ;
Which, found too trifling or abstruse,
 Might set folk dozing.

Thou, on a lonely common-way,
Wert from a grey goose dropt—a stray,
And in the beaten foot-path lay
 Long unregarded ;
When I upcaught thee, on a day ;
 And how rewarded ?

I caught thee—cut thee to a pen ;
And should, were it to do again ;
And in the standish dipping then
 Thy nib, for priming,
Sat down, no matter where or when,
 And fell to rhyming.

Since then, together how we've toil'd ;
Oft, haply, but pure paper soil'd,
And many a point and fancy spoil'd
 With bungling metre ;
While critics' blood has sorely boil'd
 Our Muse to beat her.

Oft have we told a tale of woe ;
If any wept, not ours to know :
We've tried to raise a laugh or so :
 These haply gat us
A tear—to pity us—or, lo !
 A snigger at us.

Sometimes we've urg'd the strain of lore
Which treats of purest wisdom's store ;
And verse or prose is curs'd at core,
 That impress wanting :
Yet haply we've been deem'd a bore,
 And quizz'd for canting.

Like many more, we've tried all ways,
With poems, novels, songs, and plays,
Et cet. To fame, for pelf or praise,
The hat we'd *doff* it;
Ofttimes obtaining birch for bays,
And plague for profit.

Well, patience! we must hope and trust;
Rub on—for rubbing wears off rust:
To living bards we'll still be just,
Long thrive all!
All praise the bards who sleep in dust—
They've ceas'd to rival.

We'll praise the living—yet, dear me!
To name them, one by one, would be
A task like that at school learn we,
As long's a cable;
“Units, tens, hundreds, thousands”—see
Num'ration-table.

“ But might we not, O, master mine,
Select the few whose glories shine
With all the graces of the Nine?”

Few? no—depend on’t—
Write *MANY*—*large*, or blot the line ;
Or, mark the end on’t :

The *many* if by name we score,
Leaving out all the *many more* ;
All these indignantly would roar

At such rude dealings :
“ A worm will turn ;” ’tis ill, therefore,
To hurt fine feelings.

A dwarf, in mind is six feet high ;
The frog and ox life’s scenes supply ;
So frog and dwarf to please we’ll try,
With subtle function ;
And let them “ to their souls apply
The flattering unction.”

We'll use *initials* when we praise,
 And self-approving smirking raise
 In every *lab'rator* of lays,

Who will opine,

" This critic tact acute displays ;
 The initial's *mine*."

Byron and *Bavius* both claim B ;
 M, Moore and *Mævius* marks ; and C
 Campbell & Co., and *Cuckoo*.—" D

How cribb'd in?"

Critics may level that at me—

" D.—dunce and Dibdin."

Rogers and Southey's R and S
 May many a like initial bless ;
 Howe'er prais'd those, these won't claim less,
 Their pride increscent ;

Wigsby may Wordsworth's W press—

Et cætera desunt.

For, willing pen, if we should flit
Thro' all the alphabet, wer't fit ?
Patience on corking pins would sit,
 So long the ditty ;
So—brevity the soul of wit—
 Let's *once* be witty.

Of bards, we've some like oaks that grow ;
Like vines some spread ; like flowers some blow ;
Some shoot like mushrooms, how none know,
 In short-lived masses ;
Others no sooner come than go—
 Ephemeral classes !

There are—apply who please the flout—
Some who, like earth-pent fires, make rout,
Then burst ; as if its lava out
 Volcano spat ;
One must n't laugh, yet fain would shout,
 What are you at ?

There are—like one now pass'd away !
Of whom least said is best to say—
Who labour hard to darken day
 With direful scope ;
To rob the mind of heaven's own ray—
 Salvation's hope !

Ye cruel ! think, when Abel bled,
Cain only wish'd the body dead ;
To slay the soul, a deed so dread !
 He'd ne'er in view ;
Yet vengeance dire hung o'er his head :
 What hangs o'er you ?

When Genius, though with Jubal's lyre,
And Miriam's voice, and David's fire,
Pours strains that kindle mad desire,
 Ingenuous youth,
List not—the syren's song was dire,
 Though sweet, like truth.

Ye tribe, who nightshade love to twine
With the sweet rose and racy vine,
In graceful pity for hope's mine,
 (Young son and daughter),
Veil pretty love ; put in your wine
 Some holy water.

All ye, for whom fame's peal has rung ;
All ye, whose hopes on fame have hung ;
O, deem your proper praises sung,
 No name though bringing ;
" Expressive silence" has a tongue,
 Suppose her singing.

Pen, to all claiming our regard,
Or English, Scotch, or Irish bard,
Do, all-politely, write a card :
 Yet few may read 'em ;
And Scotch reviewers jerk us hard
 For such strange freedom.

John Bull, shall Scots, and thou stand cool;
The British bardic circle rule?

Write on thy cap of freedom, "Fool

And ninny-hammer?"

Must British bards in Scottish school

Learn English grammar?

Can warmer "souls of fire" arise

Beneath the north's inclement skies,

Than southern kindly clime supplies,

To weigh thy knowledge?

Shall Cam and Isis yield the prize

To Tweedside College?

Yet Scotia must our plaudits claim,

For many a true poetic name,

Parnassian lads of deathless fame;

Some 'yont the moon,

And one who caught the sacred flame

On banks of Doon.

Ayont the moon—ah ! need I sing
Allan and Fergusson ? or bring
Thomson, the bard of lovely Spring,
And every season ;
Beattie, who woke the “ Minstrel ” string ?
'Twere little reason.

No alma mater hail'd *Burns'* son,
Yet genius' mantle he had won ;
And more have proved what that has done,
Untagg'd by Greek :
At learning, sirs, a tilt to run
Ne'er deem I seek.

Is genius found in learning's fold ?
'Tis as a gem in purest gold ;
A comet, wondrous to behold,
Or beacon fire :
Yet Shakspeare had no college mould,
And who soar'd higher ?

I quarrel with the proud pretence,
Built on mere learn'd impertinence ;
Which, blind to genius as to sense,
Thinks alma mater
Alone can bardic fire dispense :
The spark's in nature.

Burns, thy terse rhyme with zeal I trace,
Where genius shows meridian face ;
And yet thy muse prov'd lack o' grace,
The waur her want !
But I, like thee, could kick frae th' place
Auld crooning cant.

Of living bards, there's Ettrick's pride ;
And he who sails with fashion's tide ;
Whose "Lays" and novels far and wide
Find shelves and niches—
Then he's a baronet beside,
And full o' riches !

If England's bards I scarcely name,
Why should I interfere with Fame,
Who never ceases to proclaim

The debts we owe 'em ?
Well as her ocean and her Thame
E'en children know 'em.

Though names I pass, I'd not offend ;
An humble brother, fervid friend,
To bardic race, while life's to spend

I'll boast its glory—
But, Pen, we'd better make an end
Of this long story.

Pure, white, and tap'ring wert thou, when
A quill I found thee : now, a pen,
Thou never wilt look white again,

Thy toil ne'er slacken'd ;
But, ink-dyed slave, thou'lt find, by men,
Best friends oft blacken'd.

But hast thou been by me debased ;
By party rancour e'er disgraced ;
Or made the tool of sensual taste,
Or int'rest's pander ?—
“ Hold, egotist !” you cry, “ be chaste,
Nor let wit wander.”

Are there who dip their pens in spleen ;
Or dregs where Scandal's dram hath been ;
Or philter'd ink of wit obscene ;
Or sceptics' dribble ?
Fools ! knaves ! or madmen ! are, I ween,
On such no libel.

“ Would you be scurrilous ?” you cry—
No : I would but a hint supply,
If such there be, should such be nigh,
That such may weigh it ;
For there 'll be reck'ning by and by,
And wit won't pay it.

THE ORNITHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

WHEN Vanity sits judge of Wit,
Unsafe from blame is Holy Writ.

The Owl, through being part ('tis said)
Of Pallas' helmet, not her head,
Puff'd with conceit and pedant's pride,
Resolved the helm of wit to guide.
Some craniologist ('twas guess'd)
Found on his noddle wisdom's test ;
And, though his head seem'd one dull lump,
Saw brains through some congenial bump,
And technically gave assent
'Twas *judgment's* true *development*.
But many a head has thus been tried,
And wit's abundance found—outside :

This test gain'd BUBO a degree,
Not A.S.S. but LL.D.,
Which the "half-reasoning" Parrot said
Meant *Dealer in lucubrate Lead*.
BUB. by diploma thus illumed,
The critic's awful we assumed ;
The DAW, or GENERAL ADVERTISER,
Was of the project the apprizer :
Each lay the ordeal must go through
O'th' MICROSCOPE, or OWL'S REVIEW ;
And not one strain by fame be blest
'Till sanctioned by *Probatum est*.

(The microscope, 'tis known enough,
Proves the "smooth alabaster" rough ;
And well with hidden faults it grapples,
Since it can atoms swell to apples).

The birds, apprized, now sang in fear,
Except morn's clarion, Chanticleer,

Who, having read the announcement through,
Shrill "sang out" *Cock-a-doodle-doo!*

The NIGHTINGALE submits her lay,
And thus the *critic of the day* :—
"This whining, tedious, doleful ditty,
Would raise and must excite our *pity!*
Jug by her *manner* may be known,
'Tis all alike, and *all her own!*
Apollo ne'er inspired her tune,
'Tis only fit to '*bay* the moon.'
(Similes, proved by *dictum* high,
Need not in *all* their parts apply).
Such moaning melodies may move,
In lurid groves, lamenting love;
But shall such carols 'wake the morn?'
Forbid it tact! forbid it scorn!
They *may* have claims, we can't divine 'em,
So to congenial groves consign 'em:

Such groves with nature may agree,
But cannot *academic* be."

The morning songster came—the LARK:—
"We've studied long, and in the dark,
To find the merit of this song,
Which may delight the rustic throng
While plodding to their early toil;
It seems 'a seizen of the *soil*.'
We've found no *tact*, for here in vain
We seek the sweetly plaintive strain
Which charms at eve; and for the morn
The cock with bolder notes was born:
Vainly the lark's weak trillings *float*,
Drown'd by his rival's *flood* of note.
So thus, presumption to requite,
We bid the bird of *morn* good *night*!"
Critics will sometimes playful be;
There's more than wisdom meant by *we*.

The dulcet LINNET's warbling lay
Thus had its graces growl'd away :—
“ This ballad-singer of the bush
Wants the bold tone that marks the thrush ;
Her song's nor ballad nor bravura,
Mere trilling and *apogiatura* ;
'Tis not the organ but the spinnet :
Just what one look'd for from—a *Linnet*.”

The lavish THRUSH's lays gain *this* :—
“ Here we the *Finch*'s sweetness miss ;
'Tis bold we own, and fit, we hold,
For rustic ears of vulgar mould ;
But never let such notes presume
To shock the modish drawing-room ;
Where the *Canary* audience gains,
While polish'd ears *devour* his strains.”

“ Safe,” the CANARY thought, “ am I ;
My song he cannot now decry.”

The censor ponder'd, wisely wary,
And thus opin'd of the Canary:—
“Is this the tender plaintive strain
In which the *pensive* griefs complain;
The elegiac lays that move
When ‘Philomel laments her love?’
Is this the Woodlark’s cheering lay?
Thus does the piping Bullfinch play?
This fantasy, or wild effusion,
Some may call dulcet: *we* delusion.
Let him not in the choir engage,
But, driven from concerts, seek the cage;
There let him *solus* sing his blisses,
To charm old maids and maudlin misses.”
Thus, *most*, though true to nature’s rules,
He proved at variance with the schools,
For wanting what had they possess’d
Nature’s just law it had transgress’d;
Forgot the Nightingale was born
For eve, as was the Lark for morn;

But great wits oft are absent—grinner,
Sir Isaac once forgot his dinner !

Yet some he praised—" The MAGPIE's theme
Is fancy's rich, delicious dream !

The vigorous song of CHANTICLEER

Is *more* than music to the ear ;

The mind how vivid he can keep !

Let him *sing out*, and who can sleep ?

Observe of harmony profuse,

E'en to redundancy, the GOOSE ;

Alike her spirit and her grace,

The Sappho of the feather'd race :

Fame, sound her praise to endless date,

Whose siren-song preserved a state !

We trace the Ovid of the grove

Through all the CUCKOO's lay of love ;

Untuneful oft to married ear,

But nought to *us* untuneful here :

Avaunt all senseless, idle, trilling !

These are the strains that set *us* thrilling ;

Let fools fastidious, *in dolore*,
Condemn, we hail them *con amore*;
Such, though to egotize were wrong,
Approach to true *Bubonian* song."

To nature true, review or write,
Fools will be fools in reason's spite.

TOM AND DICK.

AN URBIAD,

OR TOWN ECLOGUE.

THE sun declining cast a golden glaze,
Kennels and casements glittered with his rays ;
The daily bustle of the street was o'er,
And lazy shopmen lounged at many a door.
Beneath a window, graced with curtains red,
(The tap-room window of the Royal Head),
A bench there was ; a table stood before,
Which two bright pots of frothy porter bore—
Porter ! for Oh ! in those *arcadian* days
Porter was porter, and the theme of praise ;
What *now* 'tis none have knowledge, nor can guess :
The price is greater and the praise is less !
Behind the table, on the bench, reposed
Two love-sick swains, whose daily toil was closed :—

One, Tom the carman, t' other, cooper Dick,
Who to their beauties as their beer would stick.
They talk'd of sweethearts—toasted each his own—
And toasted oft, as by the score was shown.
Brimful, at length, of beauty and of beer,
Each challenged each to sing the maid most dear ;
Each staked a gage that he 'd his mistress prove
Fairest and truest, and sing best of love.
Then Tom, the lengthy, first in numbers tried,
And Dick, the dumpy, to the strain replied ;
Then with alternate measures they proceed :
To hear had heavenly been ! sublime to read !
Thus Tom began, while listeners throng'd around,
And when sense fail'd were gratified by sound.

Tom.

This whalebone whip, by rings of white embraced,
And knotted cord upon its apex placed,
Bought but to-day, and yet uncrack'd, I stake,
With friendly challenge, for my SUKEY's sake.

DICK.

This polish'd adze—how dull to Lucy's eyes !
Keen as her tongue—I offer for a prize
Of rival triumph : never hoop it cut ;
But carved her name upon a beechen butt ;
Freely I stake it, to contend with thee,
And *Ben* the potboy shall the umpire be.

TOM.

O, Dick ! agreed ; for Ben's a boy of mind,
Clean as his pots, and as his porter kind ;
More brains has Ben than half who bid him wait ;
His legs are bandy—but his ways are straight :
With lips impartial he'll decide no doubt—

“ I will,” cried Ben, “ so now, my bucks, sing out.”

TOM.

The lovely *SUKKY*, object of my wish,
Surpasses all who trace the streets with fish ;
None can with such an air the price reveal,
Displace an oyster, or undress an eel ;

Like salmon dainty, and no sole more sweet ;
No lily muscles with her skin compete ;
Her lips like prawns ; red mullet is a foil
To cheeks that shame the lobster fresh from boil ;
Sound as a roach ; the whiting of her trade,
And never thornback match'd my beauteous maid ;
Nor trout nor smelt so delicate can prove :
The loveliest white-bait for the feast of love !

DICK.

Through London streets her trade my Lucy plies,
Impels a barrow, and "Choice fruit !" she cries ;
That barrow's shafts how oft I've wish'd to be,
Clasp'd by those hands, and press'd, dear maid ! by thee ;
The ruddy apple by her cheek looks pale ;
To match her lips ripe red-heart cherries fail ;
Those lips for richness melting peaches shame,
And, to her kisses, figs no sweetness claim.
When sloses she sells, but "fine ripe damsons" cries,
The sloses are brown, compared with her black eyes ;
"Cherries" she cries, when those to sell are best,
"Fine bleeding hearts !" and mine among the rest ;

And when she cries 'em, how each accent swells !
Her voice is *primer* than the fruit she sells.

TOM.

When, in the season, Sukey " Oysters !" cries,
'Tis like the mermaid's voice from seas that rise ;
From seas that rise, and those who listen *dish*,
And those on fish who fed make food for fish :
Her various voice abounds in sharps and flats—
O could you hear her when she 's crying " Sprats !"

DICK.

One day were nuts in Lucy's barrow laid,
And I stood by, soft-gazing on the maid ;
A nut she crack'd—her teeth such jobs can do,
Since they ne'er ache, for Lucy she loves true—
A nut she crack'd—her teeth can crack 'em well—
A double kernel nestled in the shell ;
One half she ate, then, sweetly tender, she
Kiss'd t' other half, and smiling gave it me.

TOM.

One day, when Sukey op'ning oysters stood,
Her blue eyes bright'ning with a mirthful mood,

She open'd one, and, 'tis my bliss to tell,
She ate the oyster and gave me the shell :
To share twin kernels custom maids will move,
But none play tricks save with the lad they love.

DICK.

Young *Joe* the footman, once at Peckham fair,
When he, and I, and lovely Luce were there,
A fairing bought her ; I had bought one too ;
His a red top-knot, mine a 'kerchief blue ;
When both were offer'd, with a bashful look,
She waived the top-knot and the 'kerchief took ;
Doubted I had, this set my heart at rest ;
Mine she preferr'd, though, surely, 'twas the best ;
Yet knots, for fairings when accepted, prove
Hints of true lovers' knots and wedded love.

TOM.

I've bought my Sukey fairings by the score,
She always took them, and then *spelt* for more ;
Her hints were answer'd : woman's wish beguiles ;
And each new present brought more winning smiles.

Like her own oysters is my beauteous Suke,
The more you feed them they more lovely look.
Young *Tim*, the drayman, offer'd her his arm—
Tim, who chants songs that must a dray-horse charm—
His arm away, with scornful twist, she flung;
She lost her temper, but she found her tongue:
Tim *cursed her clapper!* so I knock'd him down;
All are my foes on whom my fair may frown.
Her clapper, Dick! yet in her praise it tells;
What more melodious than a peal of bells?

DICK.

On May-day last—the morning wore her best—
Neat as a new-made firkin I was dress'd;
Luce, tempting as her barrow dress'd to sell
Prime fruit, appear'd a perfect nonpareil;—
We went a Maying—Oh! what fun we had—
Nay Tom, ne'er smile, we nothing did was bad;
But on that morning 'twas, O Tom! my bliss
Box'd ears to catch, because I caught a kiss:
My ears look'd red; how pain'd appear'd her heart!
A kiss she *gave* me to relieve my smart;

And from that day—my heart how transports swell!
Thomas—but, mum!—'tis wrong to kiss and tell.

TOM.

Dick, between friends, it isn't right to boast,
But Sukey's kisses long have I engross'd :
Sweeter her kisses than the sugar'd loads
I daily cart to grocers' throng'd abodes ;
Sweeter her breath than new hay from the mart,
Which feeds the cattle that adorn my cart.

DICK.

My Lucy's kisses—O the rich regale !
Sweeter than sweetwort are of home-brew'd ale,
For which new casks I form ; to cheer my toil
On Luce I think, and many a stave I spoil.
A cask I made her, fruit to store, and this
Procured, O Thomas ! the consenting kiss.
O, had you seen her round me, blushing, fling
Her willing arms, while whisp'ring, " Buy the ring !"
The ring I bought, next door to the Three Cans,
And on next Sunday we put up the bans.

TOM.

Fortune to me superior luck has cast ;
Our bans were put up, Dick, on Sunday last :
Own then, dear Dick, my happy lot the best,
Who one week sooner shall than you be bless'd.

DICK.

Wedlock's a lott'ry, Tom ; I fortune thank !
A prize I've drawn ; may you ne'er draw a blank !
My heart misgives me, and my tongue rebels ;
But friendship's fervour heart and tongue repels.
Beware, O Tom !—I saw, but three days back,
Young Tim the brewer, dress'd genteel, in black ;
Upon his arm hung Sue, in white ; O, think !
Green was her bonnet, and the lining pink ;
Before, black feathers flutter'd in the wind ;
A flower'd silk shawl fell all in folds behind ;
They're all the fashion now ; and Tim, I know,
Bought it last week : laughing, I saw them go
O'er Hornsey fields ; not once the sight I miss'd ;
I saw him kiss her——

TOM.

Kiss her?

DICK.

Yes, they kiss'd.

TOM.

Pshaw! Dick, you're dreaming: you but saw behind;
Mistook her person, as you wrong her mind;
'Twas *Jane*, the milk-girl,—they're alike in *shapes*;
Tim courted Jane on finding Sue *sour grapes*.
But I had dumb been till the day of death—
In others' matters I ne'er waste my breath—
Had you not spoken thus; 'tis now my place:
Your Lucy's caught by Joey's liv'ry lace—
Nay, t' other night I watch'd 'em to the play;
Saw them return, returning I that way;
Then saw them, fondly cooing, both go in
The wine vaults, where, no doubt, they drank:—no sin
In drinking, Dick; but genteel manners prove
That maids scorn drams but with the man they love.

DICK.

“ O, Tom ! *un*possible—you can but joke.”

Here interposing, bandy Ben thus spoke :—

BEN.

“ Well have you sung ; but now your lays decline ;

And ‘ list, O list,’ contending swains, to mine :

Rude is my voice, more harsh may be my lay ;

Yet hear me sing, or, more correctly, say—

Yet saying’s singing in poetic bowers ;

Why not in streets poetical as ours ?

Tom may be right, and Dick no wrong may hold ;

Dick has told truth, and Tom no falsehood told ;

I heard both tales, and more, which I ’ll impart,—

All fact, no fiction—though it grieves my heart.

Alas ! to-morrow Lucy weds with Joe ;

And Sukey married Tim a week ago !

Then bear misfortune as brave heroes do,

And keep your tempers and your wagers too.”

Thus Ben the matter prudently ne'er minced,
Each stared, confounded ; and both sigh'd, convinced ;
Shook hands and parted, too o'erwhelm'd to speak,
And—got new sweethearts by that same day week.

THE WIG;
OR THE JUDGE AND HIS LADY*.

THERE was a Judge at *nisi prius*,
Who ne'er from common sense felt bias,
 Nisi law cause could show :
For, some say, law (I know not whence)
Can *rule* or *o'errule* common sense,
 As *equity* can show.

To Justice's entire content,
This learned Judge each circuit went
 To *nonsuit* captious strife.
Judges (for state) *alone* should ride,
Yet, since but *one* are spouse and bride,
 He ofttimes took his wife.

* This tale appeared in a novel called "Isn't it Odd?" written by the same author.

It chanced my lady,—not that she
Was weakly prone to vanity—

She loved, as ladies do,
Smartness ; but yet (a purpose wise),
Lovely to look in hubby's eyes—
As, ladies, practise you.

Hence in the chariot would be placed
Band-boxes fill'd with proofs of taste,
Till, almost smother'd, he
Cried, “ Madam, such things might be put,
In private, *coram nobis*, but
Non coram judice.”

Said she, “ Destruction they would find
If pack'd within the trunk behind—

They're *caps*.” “ What then ?” quo' he,
“ No *rule of court* can *practice* show
That judges who on circuit go
Should go thus *cap-a-pied*.”

One time, for leave though she applied,
He vow'd no box with him should ride,
 Though many a *plea* she found.
Resolved no longer to be fool'd,
He every point and plea *o'erruled*,
 And *turn'd my lady rouna*.

They rode along, with little chat ;
She fretting, he revolving, sat ;
When, in brown study, lo !
Against a box, while stretching out
His legs, to ease some twinge of gout,
 His lordship kick'd his toe. -

“ What 's this ? ” he cried, and, looking down,
He saw a band-box, (from the town
 They sought 'twas miles a score).
“ Hah, hah ! ” cried he, the glass he dropp'd,
“ *We'll clear the court*,” and out he popp'd
 The box, and said no more.

While nothing said his lady gay,
(She thought 'twas little use to say),
Which caused him some surprise.

At length the carriage put them down
By sound of trumpet in the town
Where held was the assize.

The Judge, as he to church must go,
Put on his scarlet, *comme il faut*,
And look'd importance big.

"Humphrey," said he, "'tis getting late,
We mustn't make the parson wait:
Go, Humphrey, fetch my wig."

Then Humphrey, like true serving-man,
To get the jasey quickly ran;
But fortune deals in sport:
Removed each package small or big,
Non est inventus was the wig,
In full *contempt of court*.

“ A horse ! a horse ! ” cried Richard Rex—

“ A wig ! a wig ! ” the Judge, “ ’twould vex
A saint this law’s delay ; ”

When Humphrey cried—(a comic prig)—

“ Without a *rule* your worship’s wig
Has *traversed* term to-day.”

“ Not find my wig ? ” the Judge, and stared ;
Foam’d at the mouth, his eye-balls glared ;
When in came *sword* and *mace*.

“ Will ’t please your lordship to proceed ?
All’s ready now, and we will lead,
As is our proper place.”

The Judge. “ Proceed ? I cannot budge ;
Without a wig what is a Judge ?

My wig ! my wig ! ” he cries :
And cried his wife, with glad retort,
“ Why, when your *ludship* clear’d the court,
You clear’d the wig likewise.”

The Judge, *nonsuited*, said—"but what
He said, *deponent knoweth not*,
And what he *did*'s not certain;
But *Mace* to budge deem'd this his cue,
And *Sword* to shield himself withdrew,
And Humphrey—drew the curtain.

PAT AND POP ;

OR, THE IRISHMAN'S DOG.

[Founded on fact.]

THERE is a maxim, old and just,
“ Never to mere appearance trust ;”
Like boys who think ice firm that's thin,
And, rashly sliding, tumble in
The stream below. I'd next enforce
A maxim pertinent as coarse—
“ The saddle put o' th' proper horse.”

An Irishman, who lov'd a drop,
A faithful terrier had, call'd Por ;
Pat's looks, together as they'd jog,
Said plainly, “ Love me, love my dog ;”

And Pop's, in comfort or disaster,
As plainly " Love me, love my master."
A constant friendship seem'd to bind 'em,
And ever cheek-by-jowl you'd find 'em ;
As Patrick call'd it—that's, d' ye mind,
Paddy before, and Pop behind ;
Or Pat behind and Pop before.
Pat's food Pop oft in basket bore ;
What time at morn to work Pat went,
(A bricklayer he) and Pop, intent
Still on his charge, while Pat work'd hard,
Stood o'er his master's dinner guard,
'Till meal-time came ; then, goes the story,
They din'd together *con amore*.

As Pat was strolling once with Pop,
Approaching an old iron shop,
A bright *brass collar* caught his eye,
Which he resolv'd for Pop to buy :
With red Morocco lining grac'd ;
It's smartness prov'd Pat's love and taste.

Pat a small blunder made indeed,
As he'd done once before ; *how*, read :
A milkman with his cows he meets—
Common the sight in London streets—
Who, " New milk from the cow," his cry,
Milk'd it before who came to buy.
To Pat one said,—“ Now, that's all fair ;
That's all neat milk,—no water there.”
Said Pat, “ You 're hoax'd, I'll state the case ;
He milks the cows before your face—
What then ? a wager lay I durst,
He makes the cows drink water first.”

Pat a small blunder made indeed,
As Pat no more than Pop could read.
The collar, which some dog before
Had worn, this plain inscription bore,
“ *John Snoltz, Esq. 4, Brompton Row.*”
Its meaning Pat ne'er ask'd to know :
But, having for the collar paid,
He with it more distinguish'd made
Pop, who one ev'ning from him stray'd,

While Pat, who never once miss'd Pop,
Had saunter'd to a liquor shop:
Alas! 'tis often prov'd that drinking
Destruction is to sober thinking;
Though some think not, as practice tells.—
I recollect, at *Sadler's Wells*,
(A place which all the world must know),
A *fact* which here in proof shall go:—
A man who, in the *gallery*, sold
Refreshments, to keep out the cold,
Or heat, whene'er the curtain dropp'd
Between the acts, still forward popp'd
To sell his stores; his fruit in pottles;
His cakes in baskets; beer in bottles;
And *loudly cried* (from shame ne'er shrinking)
“Come, *ladies*, give your minds to *drinking*.”
Proh pudor! but return we now
To Paddy's truanting bow-wow,
Which stray'd: how tempted, proof there's not;
By chance, in Paul's Church-yard, he got

Into a shop ; remark was made—
“ This is some fav'rite terrier, stray'd ;
To lose our pug how we should grieve !
Alone the house he shall not leave,
For back the way he may not know,
At night, so far as Brompton Row ;
To-night a welcome guest we'll make him ;
To-morrow, William, you shall take him
To Brompton Row ; 'tis out of town,
So, doubtless, you'll get half-a-crown.”

Next day a ribbon William tied
To Pop's gay collar, lest aside
His charge should slip, when off his guard,
And negligence preclude reward.
Thus on they trotted, *comme il faut*,
Till safe they came to Brompton Row ;
At number 4, pleas'd, William knock'd ;
A cautious hand the door unlock'd ;
A sharp-fac'd woman William scann'd,
And cried, “ Your business ? ” door in hand.

William responded, " Here I 'm come
To know—is Mr. Snoltz at home ?
I've brought his dog."—She, cross in grain,
" Then you may take it back again."
" Why?" he, " from Paul's Church-yard I come ;
Tell me, is Mr. Snoltz at home?"
" He may be (*she*) for aught I know ;
He left this house six months ago ;
But may, if found at home, be seen
Six, Chester place, by Bethnal Green."
Then, the door shutting in his face,
Left Will, who, grumbling, left the place ;
But, order'd to find out Pop's master,
And half a crown expecting, faster
He trudg'd with Pop ; resolved, by th' by,
His trouble so to magnify,
And work so well on Snoltz's feelings,
That haply he might get five shillings.

To Bethnal Green, with briskest pace,
He went, and found out Chester Place ;

Found No. 6, and found—a bore!—
Another name upon the door;
Not Mr. *Snoltz*, but Mr. *Podger*—
Thought he, “this *Snoltz* must be a lodger.”
He knock’d, a surly man out came,
Growl’d, “What d’ye want? and what’s your name?”
“My name’s no matter,” Will began:
“Is Mr. *Snoltz* at home?” The man—
“There was a Mr. *Snoltz* lived here.”
“And don’t he now?” cried Will, with fear
Of losing all his hoped reward;
“Why, no!” the man, “but we’ve his card:
You’ll find him with one Mr. Warner,
Next door but one to Hyde Park Corner,”
Imagine Will’s extreme vexation
At this appalling information;
Conceive him grumbling on his way
To Hyde Park Corner:—hot the day;
His face just like a window pane
After a shower of April rain;

Parching with thirst ; while, by the by,
Except his mouth no place was dry.
Think Hyde Park Corner in his view,
And judge his joy—the address was true !
He gave ('tween joy and apprehension)
A knock commanding quick attention ;
And ask'd, 'twixt eager hope and fear,
“ Pray, sir, does Mr. Snoltz live here ? ”
The footman, “ Yes.” Will brighten'd fast,
O'erjoyed to be in luck at last.
“ Is he at home ? ”—*No.*—“ I can wait,”
Said Will. “ Your patience must be great,”
The footman said : “ Bath's now his home ;
He'll not be back three months to come.”
“ Provoking ! ” Will rejoin'd. “ All day
I've sought him ; who my time will pay ?
About *his* business told to go,
From Paul's Church-yard to Brompton Row ;
From there to Bethnal Green ; from there
To here ; and he's at Bath : such fare
'S enough to make a parson swear.”

Said John, "What bus'ness made you jog?"

Said Will, "I've found your master's dog."

Said John, "Good friend, you'll me excuse,

But master had no dog to lose."

Cried Will, "This collar says not so—

'*John Snoltz, esquire, 4, Brompton Row.*'

All day I've led the dog about,

To find his tiresome master out."

"He had a dog," Mess John replied,

"Which wore that collar, but he died :

I sold that collar to a Jew ;

Good morning, I've my work to do."

The door was closed, and Will—'twas hard—

Enraged, went back to Paul's Church-yard ;

His story told in woful strains,

And got well laugh'd at for his pains :

A half-crown sooth'd him, and poor Pop

Was enter'd inmate of the shop ;

Well fed, well slept, made sleek and fat,

To Pug devoted, lost to Pat ;

Who, though the loss had grieved his heart,
Reflected that "best friends must part,"
And thought on't little after that;
While Pop as little thought of Pat.
It chanced the house, while Pop was there,
Wanted, as houses will, repair:
Pat's master undertook to do it,
And brought Pat with him to review it.
The moment Pat stalk'd into th' shop,
"Hurrah!" cried Pat; "Bow-wow!" cried Pop:
Pat flew to Pop, Pop jump'd on Pat;
"Fait, Pop," cried he, "come out o' that."
"Know you that dog?" Will's master said.
"Know him!" cried Pat, and scratch'd his head,
"He's mine: one day I lost him, mind me,
"And see, he's overjoyed to find me."
Will's master: "If the dog you claim,
On's collar why another's name?
The owner of that name I sought;
And had he but in town been caught,

And own'd the dog, I had resign'd him."
Said Pat, " All's right ; I'm glad to find him ;
" He's mine ; I bought the collar." " Why
Not 'rase the name then ?" the reply—
Twirling his thumbs, " The name !" cried Pat ;
" Och, hone ! I never thought of that :
But then, what matters ? Pop when shown him,
That man, if honest, wouldn't own him ;
Though, if a rogue, he Pop had claim'd,
Whoever on the brass was named :
Call Pop by any name that's known,
He'll only answer to his own ;
And on his neck whatever name
'Twould be to Poppy all the same,
He couldn't *rade* it ; so, 'tis plain,
If lost, to find himself again,
As he the name could never know,
To that man's house he'd never go ;
But if you took him there 'tis sign
The fault was neither his nor mine."

Pat's cogent reasoning raised i' th' minute
A general laugh, and Pat join'd in it.
His heart, relieved, was light as feather ;
And Pat and Pop went home together.

THE PRACTICAL BULL.

A FACT.

MONOPOLY all men unite to decry,
Though practice will often profession belie.
All should share in life's blessings, nor one stingy elf
Be allow'd to engross the good things to himself:
What is mine may be yours if occasion there be,
And you profit without a privation to me ;
An umbrella in rain for an instance will do ;
Though invested in one, 'twill accommodate two.
But let us, while moved by this recommendation,
The fitness regard of appropriation ;
Nor lend four feet six, if uncloak'd he should be,
The great coat of a man rising full six feet three ;
Or, if on a door-plate your name you'd have shown,
Don't borrow your neighbour's to pass for your own.

A sailor once died near a desolate strand,
And his messmates resolved, since so close to the land,
“Earth to earth,” like a christian, his corpse should
be given,

Nor, sew’d up, down the throat of a shark should be
driven.

They row’d him on shore, by two boats’-crews at-
tended,

As good Irish hearts as ere messmate befriended.

They landed: for priest, at their head was Mich.
Rooney;

And gravely they brought to his grave poor Pat
Mooney.

The pray’rs read as well as Mich.’s learning permitted,

The body of Pat to the ground was committed;

They fill’d up the grave, and a turf o’er it spread,

But thought that some token should stand at its head:

“A grave-stone,” Mich. said, “was a capital *idée*,
With an *epithalamium*.” (Epitaph, *vide*).

But no stone could they find which the purpose would
suit,

And a trifling occurrence forbad it, to boot ;

For a stone had they found, they 'd nor genius, nor
tools,

Nor time, to engrave it ; so, looking like fools,

And scratching their heads, disappointed and glum,

On board they resolved to drown sorrow in rum ;

When a lucky invention struck one of the crew :

“ I've hit it, my honies,” cried Teddy ; “ 'twill do : ” —

By the by, let me tell you, some ten years before,

An old bo'son, named North, was interr'd on this shore ;

O'er whose grave a rude *stone* said,

“ Here lies Bo'son NORTH ;

Who was born, *so* and *so* ; and who died, and *so forth*.”

Teddy thought of the bo'son, and thence took his tone,

“ There's old bo'son North on himself has a stone ;

He has been so long dead that what's left of him's
not him,

And no soul that remembers him now but's forgot him :

Then sarrah the use is the thing to the elf;
And why should he have all the stone to himself?
For sailors together should share smooth and rough,
And the bo'son his *spell* of it's had long enough;
So let's *borrow* the *loan* of the stone for our mate,
And the *epithalamium*'s cut ready, all *nate*."

"By the powers, 'tis the thing!" cried, in rapture,

Mich. Rooney:

So, "HERE LIES BO'SON NORTH," was placed over
Pat Mooney.

ROBERT AND BOB.



ROBERT AND BOB ;
OR, THE POLITIC PUBLICAN.

“ LIFE’S full of deception,” the sages have said,
But to prove it requires not a Solomon’s head ;
’Tis a vice so familiar, that some have believed
We but live for deceiving and being deceived ;
But, while with keen practice we trick other elves,
’Tis no more than completely deceiving ourselves.
A publican once—’tis a fact I advance—
Whose politics always embraced the main chance,
Two taps in his cellar had ever at call ;
The one fill’d with *strong* beer, the other with *small*.
His custom was good, though bad customs had he,
And one of those customs my subject shall be.
While his guests in their sober perceptions were clear,
He gave them the *best*, when they call’d for their *beer* ;

But when they got fluster'd, and judgment went
wrong,

He managed to put off the *small* for the *strong* ;
And did it adroitly ; but *how* no one dream'd,
For all "fair and above board" his management seem'd ;
No whisp'ring to wife, or the pot-boy, he used,
Nor perceptible mean which men's reason abused,
To convey his intent, at each thirsty soul's call,
Whether beverage *strong* should be brought him, or
small.

A pot-boy he had, quite expert at a job ;
His appellative *Robert*—diminutive, *Bob*.

He instructed this lad, when he call'd—lucky
thought !—

" A pot of beer, *Robert*," the *strong* should be
brought ;

But a " pot of beer, *Bob*," if he heard mine host call,
He was then to the drinker to carry the *small*.

One night, when a club—noble fellows to cram—
Had supp'd on salt-herrings and fine bacon-ham,

They call'd for drink plenty, each soul was so dry,
And *Robert* or *Bob* was each minute the cry ;
Till " mine host," finding all were full primed, from
their talk,

To double the profit on each double chalk,
Bethought him that *Robert* had had a hard job ;
So resolved all the rest should be managed by *Bob*.
Bob ! Bob ! Bob ! resounded, and pot followed pot,
The guests were so dry, and the night was so hot.
At length cried a toper, " Here, landlord, come here,
And take a good tug at your own humming beer."
The landlord, at Highgate once sworn, thought it
wrong

To tipple *small* beer (as he thought it) for *strong* ;
But, " need must when"—*et cet'ra*—he drank—sad
mishap !

And found it was *Robert* had been at the tap.
He grinn'd, shook his head ; when a man call'd for beer,
And mine host bawl'd out, " *Bob*, you young monkey,
come here."

His wife came instead, his fierce wrath to abate,
And save hapless Bob from a knock on the pate.
He cried, " I want *Bob*, for this gem'man wants
drink."

He glanced at the guests, and then gave her a wink,
Which, being translated, meant, " here's a fine job !
They're all drinking *Robert*, though I call'd for *Bob*."
His wife took the pot, rather posed what to do ;
When he, in a passion, cried, " Who sent for you ?
Fetch *Bob*"—when she answer'd him, " Don't be a
bore ;

Why, *Bob* has been *out* for this hour or more."

FARE AND FEED;

OR, THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

“AN honest man’s the noblest work of God,”
Said Pope. “A rogue’s his own eventual rod,”
Experience says. All those from right path running
Take for associate th’ impostor Cunning;
Time out of mind who for a wit has pass’d,
But proves too knowing for himself at last.

An hackney driver, *honest* and so forth—
“Whose word would pass for more than he was worth,”
If it would pass for aught—came home one night,
Put up his horses, and, by lantern’s light,
Counted his whole day’s *fares* upon the manger;
Conceiving of detection little danger.
Why did he dread it? ask you: ’twas his way
To *halve* the hackney-harvest of the day;

For *Jarvis*, whether fares were great or small,
Thought it bad practice to give master *all*.
Now it occur'd, his master, who had oft
Suspected him, was hidden in the loft ;
Look'd down the rack while coachee with precision
Thus *conscientiously* pursued *division*—
First peering round, if all were safe to see—
“ This *shilling* for my master *first*,” said he ;
“ Then *this* for me ; for master now *another* ;
And to myself, by right, belongs its brother.”
Thus he went on, light-finger'd and light-hearted,
Till ev'ry shilling *honestly* was parted ;
When an odd *sixpence* puzzled him, to know
To which, himself or master, it should go.
Conscience cried, Give it to your master, elf ;
Interest whisper'd, Keep it, fool, yourself.
“ Pity,” he cried, “ it cannot be divided !”
A lucky thought, at length, its fate decided.
“ I'll toss,” cried he ; “ dispute nought settles faster ;
Heads for myself and *woman* for my master.”

He toss'd, with jerk 'mong cunning rogues quite
common,

To *make* it come down *heads*; a voice cried, "*woman!*"

"*Heads*, be you who you may," the tosser cried,

And saw his master grinning at his side ;

Who coolly said, " I think the *fairest* course is,

Give *me* the sixpence, as I *keep the horses.*"

IRREGULAR ODES ;

OR, THE POET AND THE PUBLISHER.

“ How hard is the fate to which genius is born—
The mark of neglect, and the victim of scorn !”
Cried a poet enraged, who, on fame when he counted,
By mistake, some poor hack, for a Pegasus, mounted ;
And, your hacks having often more devil than fire,
Is it wonderful *his* left his man in the mire ?
Yet, surely, your poets of grief have their share ;
But others have theirs ; so, content, all must bear :
Tho’ none more than poets are cut up and cross’d,
Till patience, o’erbaited, in frenzy is lost ;
Yet patience, or stoical calmness, ye bards,
Are the teachers to copy when playing your cards.
One cavils at *this* style, another at *that* ;
This sense isn’t pointed ; that rhyme isn’t pat ;

One measure wants harmony, t'other i'n't terse ;
This rhyme's measured prose, and that prose broken
verse ;

The sense is involved, or the rhythm don't blend ;
The theme wants beginning, a middle, and end :
Hence he who begins one—ere play'd on, like fiddle—
Had better, for peace, make an end in the middle.
A pun !—there's no pardon ; so cavillers rake 'em !
But they hate puns most who're least able to make 'em.
Puns, when in right places, are things that may pass ;
When misplaced, they're like senna, for wine, in your
glass ;

In trifles who scout 'em are classical Huns ;
“ *Nunc ridendum* ” the motto, allow a few puns.

A Poet, whose lyre might be rustily strung ;
Whose voice might be crack'd, though he'd finger
and tongue ;

As well as these let him, he play'd and he sung :
Or, metaphor dropping, of rhyming he'd knack,
But could boast no more muses than coats to his back ;

Not so many, perhaps ; for he'd *one* coat's adorning,
Which once had been black, but had gone out of
mourning ;

And the critics they stuck in the skirts of the elf ;
Which proved they'd bad habits as well as himself.
This Poet, hard fagging, completed an ODE,
And, in hope of a dinner, triumphantly strode
To a publisher's shop ; a Mecænas, whose spirit
Was far more excited by money than merit :
Whose head on good bargains for ever was running ;
Whose folly was *folio* ; *quarto* his cunning ;
Octavo his blund'ring ; his modesty *twelves* ;
And he'd more bound in calf than the books on his
shelves.

To him went the bard ; and 'twas fix'd he should
touch

For his verses, at *so much* per line—but *not much*.
The money paid down the bard hasten'd to seize on :
The money was *short*, and the bard ask'd the reason ;
“ The reason ? ” cried Vampem ; “ at *so much* per line,
To *so much* it comes ; and, good master of mine,

If I pay by the line, 'twould be foolish, or funny,
 Not to get the full length of a line for my money.
 Your lines a'n't all even; and tell me, good brother,
 Could you walk firm if one leg was shorter than t'other?
 You 'd go lame, like your ode, where your lines are
 uneven;

And of those that are short there's at least three in
 seven;

For these I deducted; my reasons are strong ones;
 And you'll find I have paid you full price for the long
 ones."

The Poet, in sad tribulation, then show'd
 'Twas what critics had term'd an *Irregular Ode*;
 Cried Vampem, "Irregular? sir, let me say,
 My business I do in a *regular* way;
 And I'll have rhyme or reason, or else I won't pay.
 So, in odes, when per *line* is o' th' bargain the strength,
 I insist on the lines being all of one length."

GENIUS AND JOCKEYSHIP;

OR, THE SPORTSMAN AND PAINTER.

SPECULATION's a confident hypocrite, who,
When the fancy's o'erweening and judgment untrue,
Leads you into a scrape from th' adventure you chose,
And there leaves you to cope with what barriers oppose
Him who, shutting his eyes, only follows his nose.
Make your contract at first with the man who's to pay,
Or in vain you may work, while your fancy's at play.

A knight of the turf had a favourite horse,
Call'd *Ball*, that stood high on the scale of the course;
He had won many *cups*, balk'd the knowing ones all,
And, hence, on the turf he was call'd *Cup* and *Ball*.
Tim Straddle, his groom (with an artist acquainted)
Persuaded his master to have the horse *painted*.

His master consented: said Tim, " I have found
A painter who'll touch off a horse for *ten pound*."
The painter was summon'd, retain'd in a trice,
And, since for a *horse* Tim had stated the price,
The terms were not canvass'd—the point is of force—
The sportsman engaged him to copy a *HORSE*,
Supposing ten pounds would be all he should pay;
But the artist *supposed* in a different way:
That, as price wasn't mention'd, a man so high-bred
Wouldn't stick for a trifle: thus being misled—
Speculation his prompter, and interest decider—
He resolved to give Ball both a saddle and rider.
Horse, saddle, and Tim, all from *nature* were done;
And three likenesses taken, though *order'd* but *one*.
When done—taken home—as friend Brush went his
 rounds,
The sportsman was pleased, and presented *ten pounds*.
" *Ten pounds! 'tis fifteen*," said the artist so able;
" I charge *ten* for a *horse* as he stands in the stable,
Undress'd and unmounted—the point's rather nice—
You order'd a picture, nor mention'd the price;

A *horse* is ten pounds, let the turf be decider,
And here you've the saddle, the horse and his rider.
This saddle is leather itself, and Tim Straddle
Looks life: one would swear he could jump from the
saddle."

"Then out let him jump," said the sportsman, "and
sell

The saddle wherever they'll buy 't—I repel
Your charge. There's ten pound; I your price knew
before

For a horse, and I order'd a horse and no more;
I'm no colt on the turf; and my brain's not so addled
As, wanting a horse, to be *jockied* and *saddled*."

HORSES' BELLS ;

OR, CUSTOM'S PREJUDICE.

CUSTOM controls each human creature,
And ancient use is second nature.
Pope once declared, " I grieve to see
A *post*, though ere so old it be,
With which I've long acquainted been,
Displaced, howe'er improved the scene."
Old customs have more meaning in 'em
Than half the whims imposed to thin 'em :
They sweet associations bring
To minds whence social feelings spring.
Let innovation, year by year,
With ancient custom interfere ;
For gaining ground mistake mere movement,
And dub improvidence improvement ;

Give me, for comfort, till life ends,
Old wine, old customs, and old friends.

A farmer once, as story tells,
Aversion had to horses' bells ;
Which, as the rustic team draws near,
Tingling in every road you hear :
Such music always sounds to me
Like symphonies of industry ;
While every horse, as bell strikes louder,
See-saws his head, both *sprack* and prouder ;
(*Sprack* is provincial, reader, know,
And means as much as *comme il faut*) ;
While John the carter joy gives vent,
Whistling *ad lib.* accomp'niment ;
Or, haply, wedlock's joys is singing,
While jangling bells response are ringing.

The man of whom my theme discourses
Banish'd the bells from all his horses ;

While John, his carter, who demurr'd,
Thought horses without bells absurd ;
Such music, to his rustic ears,
Was *mundane* " music of the spheres ;"
He said fools only e'er could flout 'em,
And vow'd he ne'er drove well without 'em ;
Thought it was antichristian art
From ancient customs to depart ;
Ne'er to break one himself was known,
Which had from usage sacred grown ;
Among them one which labouring men
Have sacred kept from long ere then,
Strictly as some keep church on Sunday,
Namely, to get drunk ev'ry Monday.
Of ancient customs thus tenacious,
John in their praise would prove loquacious ;
And often hinted to his master,
That bells made horses travel faster ;
But ne'er permission could obtain
To use " the bonny bells " again ;

Which made him, though he " bore the brunt,"
For grief to sigh, or, rather, grunt ;
But yet resolve (as he 'd fain thrive),
Since lead he could not, still he 'd drive,
But not a moment longer than
Th' year's end, which left him " his own man."
Besides (which reconciled the hind
Somewhat), he found his master kind ;
And gen'rous was his mistress too ;
For, though suspected as a shrew,
To no one servant was 't disaster—
She only ruled her lord and master.

John's year expired : the farmer said,
" Well, John, you 've such attention paid,
No fault I find, but justly praise,
And hence, next year, your hire I 'll raise ;
To stay then must be your election,
I think you can have no objection."
" *Habjection?*" John replied, " to you
I can't ha' none ; nor missus too ;

You 're both so koin'd, I 'd like to stay,
But then, I doant knaw what to say."
" Not know !" rejoin'd the master. — " Why,"
Said John, " I 'd not offend, not I ;
But there 's a summat I doant like,
And, though main sorry, I mun strike."
" Strike ?" cried the farmer, with surprise ;
" Ees, sir," said John ; " the matter lies
I' this'n : I 's a simple chap,
But then I knaws what's what, may hap,
Will drive a team wi' ony he,
But, then, things decent like mun be.
My heart wi' sheer vexation swells
To drive a team without the bells ;
So *dunsh* without 'em t' horses seem,
It's all like driving in a dream ;
So, if you bells refuse, which strange is,
Why, I mysel' mun ring the changes."
'Tween interest and inclination,
John's master suffer'd keen vexation ;

To grant the bells annoy'd him sore,
But John to lose annoy'd him more.
“ Well, John,” he cried, “ I'll not deny 'em ;
To-morrow you shall go and buy 'em.”
“ Thank ye,” cried John, with joyful heart ;
“ Now you and I will never part.”
He bought the bells, and dress'd his team,
While master's kindness was his theme :
The hour was two, the weather storming,
The season, some call night, some morning ;
For night, with those whom fashion wins,
When labour's morning wakes begins.
Four horses for the team John dress'd,
While his warm bed the farmer press'd—
For John and Giles, a boyish clown,
Had in the dark to drive to town—
The horses in their gear he decks,
Their leathern belfries graced their necks ;
But John, to town ere he'd away,
Thought he a duty had to pay ;

And was to show his master moved
How bells the horses' looks improved ;
So brought 'em to the farmer's door,
And waked him up with knocks and roar.
The night was bitter cold ; his master,
Dreaming no doubt of some disaster,
Leap'd, in his shirt, from sleep and bed,
And through the casement thrust his head—
“ John, what 's the matter ? ” trembling cried—
“ Look, zur, now look'ee,” John replied :
“ Look ? ” cried the farmer, “ look at what ? ”
“ At th' horses,” John rejoin'd ; “ I've got
'Em dress'd, and of 'em you may crack ;
You never *zeed* nought half so *sprack*.”
“ Blockhead ! ” the shiv'ring farmer said,
The window closed and jump'd in bed,
Like a large lump of ice, so cold,
That, touching Mrs. Farmer, she
(Who dreaming was of scalding tea),
Waked at the touch ; yet could not scold,

But jump'd clean out of bed:—it hit her,
(She after own'd) Jack Frost had bit her.

Well, John and Giles trudged on, both singing,
The horses neighing, bells all ringing,
Through frost and snow for four long miles,
And cheek by jowl went John and Giles.
Close by the leader's head they walk'd,
And oft of master's whimsies talk'd.
John so delighted was to hear
The bells again “ salute his ear,”
He scarce had known that night throughout,
For rapture, what he'd been about;
And Giles, who'd imitate John's courses,
Thought, too, of nothing but the horses.
Said John, “ Our measter brains mun lack,
To see the team so vary sprack,
And never to show satisfaction,
But call I *blockhead*; 'twere an action
That *stoundies* me; but, never mind,
I'ze sure i' th' county you'll not find

Four nicer cattle ; how they draw !
The cart to them seems like a straw,
Though loaded up tip-top ; that tells
The *sarvice*, Giles, o' horses' bells."
" We'll soon reach town at this fair trot."
Said Giles (who now i' th' rear had got),
" The horses may, friend John, add rot uu !
But for the cart, why, we 've forgot un."

THE ASTROLOGER;

OR, PLANETARY PROPHECY.

COULD the veil of futurity ever be drawn,
Discov'ring our hits and mischances,
How wretched were life, since no morning could dawn
Meeting Hope's sweet enlivening glances!

Some seek in their tea grounds life's downs and its ups,
And others in cards; it must grieve us:
Of the first we may say, they are all in their cups;
To the others, e'en trumps may deceive us.

To the stars others go: 'tis a long way to fly;
To such we'll this caution deliver;
A boy with wax'd pinions, once soaring too high,
Had them molten, and fell in the river.

An astrologer, proud of conversing with stars,
And full of prophetic knowledge,
Profess'd to discover fate's blessings and bars,
Like a doctor of sideral college.

He wanted to marry, and wishing to know
If the planets had any objection—
For, if they were averse, 't were away time to throw
To convince him he'd any election—

So a figure he cast; saw the planets incline
To favour his views in their answer;
But attach'd to his marriage I know not the sign,
Whether Capricorn, Aries, or Cancer.

Next, he wanted to know—'twas a pertinent view—
Whether constancy's gift were his spouse's;
So he call'd on the stars—as I'd call upon you,
I suppose; as they say stars have *houses*.

Whate'er his instructions I cannot impart,
My knowledge by ignorance parried ;
But he chose out a damsel—young, buxom, and smart ;
And, his time being come, they were married.

The honey-moon pass'd amid fondling and jars,
And his wife, who had no common breeding,
Like Hubby, was partial to reading the *stars*,
Which proves she was fond of light reading.

Hence it chanced, on a time, that his wife ran away ;
Which made people whisper and wonder
That he, who of others the fates could pourtray,
In his own should have made such a blunder.

He had call'd on the stars—at their houses, no doubt,
And their followers, sure, they'd not flout 'em—
But, perhaps, when he call'd all the stars were gone
out,
So, impatient, he married without 'em.

When his wife ran away he was watching the stars ;
To watch *her* had been better, between us :
He said his misfortune was owing to *Mars*,
And her flight was the *Transit of Venus*.

PREJUDICE ;

OR, THE WITCH.

As twines the thick ivy around the hale oak,
Or spreads round the cottage with tangled embrace,
While the cot swarms with vermin that patience pro-
voke,
And the tree's native vigour to sickness gives place :
As the frost binds the stream, and the blight mars
the flower ;
As the steel is chain'd by the magnet's charm'd
power ;
So *prejudice* man's boasted reason annoys ;
Indurates his affections ; distempers his joys ;
The social distracts ; mutual confidence blights ;
And holds in a chain half humanity's rights.

A harmless old woman, with long nose and chin,
Which, approaching each other, proved creatures akin ;
Who was “marvellous poor,” and to muttering prone,
Once lived in a hut, save her cat, all alone ;
No acquaintance or gossip would own the poor elf ;
None with her would talk, so she talk’d to herself :
Besides, this old woman, who older still grew,
Was wicked enough to be seventy-two.

These significant signs proved the pegs where to hitch
On that reprobate character call’d an *old witch*.

Not only cross’d straws, as in times heretofore,
But ev’ry cross matter was laid at her door ;
If she cross’d people’s path they would hoot her or
pelt her,

Or, like friends from calamity, run helter skelter.

“ Alas !” cried poor Goody, “ what harm can I do ?

What a sin to be poor, lone, and seventy-two !”

None would pass near her hovel at night, for ’twas
said,

The father of witches call’d there for a bed ;

Some declared they had seen him—not certain were—
but,

All vow'd that strange noises they'd heard in the hut ;
Oft a sound heard like bagpipes ; but some would
suppose

'Twas her *guest* singing witch-spells, and sung
through his nose.

The villagers, swearing to oust the old lass,
One night (as none durst go alone) went *en masse*,
The clerk at their head ; for the parson was out—
Of the secret, and notions of witchcraft he'd scout ;
Which made some suspect that the justice and he
Were not what orthodox Christians should be ;
Since (from ducking which saved her) these thought—
so may you—

'Twas no sin to be poor, lone, and seventy-two.
Approaching the hovel, they heard the pipes play ;
And most were for dancing—that's dancing *away* ;
But one through a crack, having courage, peep'd in,
Saw a piper, and *one* man in *black*, tall and thin ;

Before 'em sat Goody :—they cried, “ The old viper !
He in black is *old Nick*, and the other his piper.”

The door they had burst ; but, “ there'll then be,”
thought they,

“ Not the piper alone, but another to pay.”

Some ran to the justice ; their zeal begg'd he'd back it ;
He humour'd the joke, and then help'd them to crack
it ;

Walk'd into the hut, when, “ His worship,” they said,
“ So *ventersome*, couldn't be right in his head.”

The justice discover'd their sable annoyer,
Though for Lucifer taken, was only a lawyer !—

“ A chip of th' old block,” here if prejudice cry,

“ *There are chips of all sorts—prenez garde*,” I reply.

'Twas the lawyer's first visit, not so with the other,
(The piper) for he proved the witch's own brother.

The lawyer (from London) had travell'd miles round,
Ere his object of search (the old woman) he found ;
A brother, long lost, from the Indies had come ;
Died, through eating ripe peaches, but left half a plum,

'Tween his brother and sister, if found ;—for 'twas
said,

He knew not if either were living or dead.

The crowd heard the tale :—what it is to be rich !

They thought she might possibly *not* be a witch.

One, who 'd seen her broom-riding, and swore to the
sight,

Thought it *likely* he might be mistaken—'twas night,

And so thick was the fog, being past twelve o'clock,

That he ran his own head 'gainst its brother—a block.

In short, a *douceur* shared among them to drink

Was “ a word to the wise,” and the wise always think :

They thought—alias drank—at each draught grew
more wise ;

And jug after jug wider open'd their eyes ;

Till prejudice vanish'd, suspicion turn'd tail,

And conviction came in with the last jug of ale :

Her pardon they begg'd, 'twas the least they could
do,

And no more teased a woman of seventy-two.

CHINA AND CROCKERY WARE;

OR, POTTERY AND POINT.

PRIDE, thou'rt a very devil—nasty puss!

To see thee mortified I dearly love,
Thou'rt so contemptible; thy type's a goose,
Strutting and stretching out its giblet neck;
Hissing at all who in its path may move,
Silly as saucy; while all laugh to see
Its emptiness; so, pride, who at thy beck
Conceivest all should be,
All laugh at thee.

Thou art inferior to a goose, thou Hun;
For geese have souls, and thou, mean thing, hast
none.

Thou art a very fool, and that wise elf,
Hight Solomon, whose golden rules
Are sterling, says, concerning fools,
“A fool he swalloweth up himself.”

“Pride was not made for man”—the saw is common ;
But once a lady, badly taught,
Reading this pithy proverb, thought,
Though not for man, it haply might for woman.
This wise conclusion on her habits stealing,
Her manners were its moral ; once
Her feelings wounded were—pshaw ! I’m a dunce :
Pride and presumption have no feeling.

This lady, then, who both possess’d,
With “happy ignorance,” contempt express’d
For poverty, and always spoke with scorn
Of those who by their lot were born
To labour ;
Forgetting, poor misguided soul,
That, rich or poor, from pole to pole,
Each human being was her neighbour ;
And that command came from above
Her neighbour as herself to love.

When she the human race survey'd,
Marking 'tween rich and poor the difference,
She reason'd somewhat in *this* way,—
“ When Heaven created men from clay,
From divers sorts sure different ranks were made ;
The *best* to mould the rich from having preference.”
Concluding thus:—“ The *common train*,”
She said, with pride's sarcastic mockery,
Received their birth
From common earth,
Like delft or crockery ;
While rich and great
Were made, for state,
From purest, richest, porcelain.”

Once, in a circle of her friends
She so discoursed ; the footman hearing,
While waiting on the *china* ware,
Flush'd indignation, while appearing

To pass it off

By studied cough ;

But mortally, like vulgar delft, he sware
To make his mistress full amends ;

And John, believe me, was no zany.

My lady said, in tone not mild,

“ John, call the maid down with *my* child.”

John jarr'd the door, and scorning fear,

Bawl'd to the nursery maid, that all might hear,

“ Here, *Crockery*, bring down young *Chaney*.”

THE ASS AND THE MULE;

OR, TRYING EXPERIMENTS.

A MULE and an ass with their packages full,
The mule carried salt and the ass carried wool,
Once pleasantly jogg'd on together ;
They 'd to ford a small river, and when it was cross'd
The mule frisk'd about, and his head up he toss'd,
For, somehow, most part of his load he had lost,
And his heart was as light as a feather.

Said the ass, as the mule made light of the road,
“ Pray, how, my good friend, have you lighten'd your
load ;

For, somehow, we can't keep together ? ”

Said the mule, “ In the river I made a long halt,
Stoop'd down, and the water dissolved half the salt : ”
Replied Jack, “ At next river I won't be at fault,
Then my heart will be light as a feather.”

Poor Jack chuckled much at the thought of the plan,
And, reaching the river, to try it began,
Went in with heart light as a feather :
The wool, sucking water, augmented its weight ;
The ass, overburthen'd, learn'd wisdom too late,
And, dropping, bewailing his folly and fate,
His labour and life lost together.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FABLE, FROM ÆSOP.

A FOX was going to die one day,
And a sly old fox was he ;
His friends and relations, respect to pay,
All flock'd old reynard to see.
“ Alas ! ” said he, “ I ’m going to die,
And conscience in my face will fly ;
For I never to conscience paid regard,
But gobbled up all in the poultry yard :
Of cocks and hens,
By twenties and tens,
I now see the ghosts—O, the dickens !—
With a chirping young fry,
For, so cruel was I,
I ate all the dear little chickens.

“ My sons, remember my last words these,”

Said the fox, “ if in peace you ’d die ;

Eat grass and green gooseberries if you please” —

Said one of his sons, “ Not I.”

“ Avoid poultry like snakes,” the fox—“ O, la !”

Another son cried ; “ My dear papa,

You ’re in the blue devils, but were you well

I ’m certain a different tale you ’d tell—

Of cocks and hens,

By twenties and tens,

I hear very plainly the clickings” —

“ The devil you do !”

Said reynard, “ Go to,

But, pray, spare the dear little chickens.”

“ A fowl, papa,” his son replied,

“ Will cure you much sooner than physic ;

Hens are hard of digestion, a cock’s tough hide

Would certainly give you the ’tysic :

A nice little chick recommend would I"—
Said the fox, "Naughty boy, O, fie! O, fie!
But you'll want to dine, tho' I've appetite none,
So run, or the poultry will all be gone:
 But cocks and hens,
 By twenties and tens,
Don't kill—half the number's good pickings;
 And, as I've had long fast,
 And it may be my last,
Bring me one of the dear little chickens."

THE STAG AND THE LION.

A FABLE.

A STAG from the herd went astray,
Ne'er dreaming the hunters were nigh ;
The hounds, who were eager for prey,
Caught scent and went off in full cry :
A lion repos'd in his cave, down a glen,
And the stag, a retreat to explore,
Alas ! silly fool, he went into the den,
But he never came out any more.

The lion roar'd savage delight ;
The stag was repentant too late ;
The dogs scamper'd off in a fright,
And left the poor fool to his fate :
“ Ah, why came I here ? ” cried the stag in despair ;
Said the lion, elating each lid,
“ I really don't know, and as little I care,
But am monstrously glad that you did.”

THE FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL.

A FABLE.

A FOX lost his tail in a trap ;

“ I’ faith, I look silly,” quoth he ;

“ But spite of this awkward mishap,

Best made of bad bargain must be :

The foxes to jeer me won’t fail ;

So, with envy and rage though I burn,

On the brush I’ll affect to turn tail,

Who haven’t a tail to turn.”

The fox, bent to brazen it out,

“ Joy wish me, good brothers,” said he

To the foxes assembled about,

“ My brush I have dock’d, as you see :

Its weight in the chase made me fail ;

Now, like lightning, I fly o’er the fern ;

Besides, I can never turn tail

Who haven’t a tail to turn.”

The fox advised all to be dock'd—

“ Hold ! hold ! ” a sly reynard said he,

“ Old friend, in some trap you 've been lock'd,

And ‘ thereby hangs a tale ’ I can see.

We know your sly tricks ; when you rail,

‘ Sour grapes ’ is the moral we learn ;

And you 're wise on the brush to turn tail

Who haven't a tail to turn.”

THE APE AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A FABLE.

AN ape, by the fable 'tis proved,
Had a couple of sweet little dears ;
One better than t' other she loved,
And its safety perplex'd her with fears ;
She 'd pat it, and kiss its dear little pug nose ;
But people who pet
Should never forget
That, sweet as it is, there 's a thorn in the rose.

This ape was alarm'd on a day,
And scamper'd away to a wood ;
But caught up her pet by the way,
Leaving t' other to shift as it could ;

Which jump'd on her back, while she hugg'd in repose
Her darling, and kiss'd its dear little pug nose :

The moral bears yet,

'Tis " never forget

That, sweet as it is, there 's a thorn in the rose."

The ape, as she fled from alarms,

Tripp'd up, 'mong a parcel of stones ;

So fell with her pet in her arms,

And broke all its dear little bones :

While t' other escaped all the bruises and blows,

And cock'd up, in triumph, its little pug nose ;

While the ape, left to fret

For the fate of her pet,

Found, sweet as it is, there 's a thorn in the rose.

CONCEIT ;

OR, THE COCK AND THE HORSES.

ONCE said a rocket to a star,
“ My rays than thine more brilliant are :
See how my glories spread about !”
The star shone on, the squib went out.

A game-cock, of the poultry yard
At once the despot and the guard ;
Who at the turkey-cock would fly,
Ne'er let a pig or dog pass by
Uncheck'd, but if they snapp'd he flew
Instant to perch and, taunting, crew ;
Who oft had fought, and ever beat ;
Whose strut disclosed his vast conceit ;
Once in a stable chanced to stray
While the whole team enjoy'd their hay.

The straw they trampled he bereft
Of casual grain, by thresher left ;
But, venturing 'mid their pond'rous feet,
At his life's hazard sought the meat,
Driv'n by their hoofs from side to side.
By danger warn'd, yet stung by pride,
Urg'd by conceit, he rais'd his head,
And, crowing, to the near horse said,
“ There's danger here ; take care, good brother,
Else we may tread upon each other.”

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL FRANCIS VOISIN,

Minister of State and Chancellor to Louis XIV.

WHEN his Chancellor *Voisin*, once, *Louis* fourteen

A pardon commanded to seal,

For a wretch who for pardon too guilty had been,

He refus'd ; nor his scorn could conceal.

The king snatch'd the seals, and the pardon impress'd,

Then to *Voisin* return'd them, the king who address'd,

“ Forgive me, dread sire, if the seals I refuse,

Such contamination the act must excuse.”

Louis, struck by his firmness, could only admire,

And the pardon instinctively threw in the fire ;

Voisin took back the seals, when 'twas burnt to a spark,

“ Fire purifies every thing”—all his remark.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two spendthrifts, sons of wealthy cits,
Cramp'd by their sires in cash, one day
Stopp'd at a book-stall, being wits,
But nought there pleas'd 'em—by the way,
The vender knew them (as fame gathers);
“ I've not the thing you want,” he cried;
“ What is't we want ?” the pair replied :
He—“ An *abridgment of the fathers*.”

FIRE AND FROST ;

OR, IRISH REASONING.

AN Irishman, the house in flames
One piercing winter's night,
Upstarted from delightful dreams,
And ran out in a fright.

Out in the snow half naked ran,
And tried the flames to slake,
To chatter till his teeth began,
And all his frame to shake.

Cried he, " I'd not stand here for hire ;
With ague I'm kilt dead ;
I'll leave you to put out the fire,
And I'll go back to bed."

And off he ran, i' th' self-same breath,
Crying, while him they 'd hold,
" I may as well be burnt to death
As starved to death with cold."

THE CHESSIAD,
A MOCK-HEROIC POEM,
IN FIVE CANTOS.



MY intent in this Poem was, through the medium of a burlesque battle, to convey to the learner, in an amusing manner, the first principles of the GAME OF CHESS, according to Phillidor; the value of the PIECES being signified by the rank of the chiefs, and the nature of the moves and operations of the chessmen represented by the modes of march, evolutions, and actions of the chessic warriors. For machinery I have availed myself of *Hoyle's Games*, having constituted them the gods or demons of my subject; which is interspersed with occasional reflections, naturally arising from the incidents and arrangements; and accompanied by parodies of well known passages in Homer's *Iliad*. But, lest the figurative *moves* should be in any case misapprehended, the actual moves are noted at the bottom of each page.

THE CHESS CHARACTERS; OR, PIECES AND PAWNS.

PIECES.

White.

Blanc, - - - King.
Blanche, - - - Queen.
Crosieroi, }
 or } - King's Bishop.
Crosier, }
Reinelawne, - Queen's do.
Sir Garderoi, King's Knight.
Sir Gardercine, Queen's do.
Roifort, - - - King's Rook.
Reineforte, - Queen's do.

PAWNS.

Blanc-pawn, or King's Pawn.
Blanche-pawn, or Queen's do.
Blanc's Body-guard, or King's
 Bishop's Pawn.
 Queen's Bishop's Pawn.
 Two Knights' Pawns.
 Two Rooks' Pawns.

PIECES.

Black.

Niger, - - - King.
Nigra, - - - Queen.
Mitrex, - - - King's Bishop.
Mitregina, - - Queen's do.
Sir Ensorrex, }
 or } King's Knight.
Rexensor, }
Sir Reginalde, Queen's do.
Rextour, - - - King's Rook.
Regintoure, - Queen's do.

PAWNS.

Niger-pawn, or King's Pawn.
Nigra-pawn, or Queen's do.
Niger's Body-guard, or King's
 Bishop's Pawn.
 Queen's Bishop's Pawn.
 Two Knights' Pawns.
 Two Rooks' Pawns.

IMAGINARY CHARACTERS;

OR, GODS AND GODDESSES OF GAMING AND CHANCE.

Gods, &c. who speak or act.

Hazard—chief.
 Faro.
 Whist.
 Piquette.
 Cribbage.
 Put.
 Loo—with Pam.
 Pope Joan.
 Commerce.
 Speculation.

Gods, &c. who do neither.

E. O.
 Rouge et Noir.
 Ombre.
 Quadrille.

THE CHESSIAD.

CANTO FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation—Subject proposed—Doubtful origin of the chessic race—Number of their tribes—Their colours, characters, and hereditary animosity—their orders, titles, and degrees—their amazons described—their military discipline, modes of marching and fighting—The cause of the battle herein celebrated—Phyllidor, the chessic bard, quoted—Nigra raises the spleen of Niger to proclaim war against Blanc—Catalogue of the leaders of each party—Their names, titles, and rank—Niger's oration—A herald despatched to proclaim the war—The king's sitting down illustrated by a simile, including a warning to rascallions.

MUSE, sing of *Chess*, and sing the direful strife
Which urged the sable monarch and his wife,
NIGER the moody, NIGRA the malign—
To whom their freedom iv'ry blacks resign—

Urged them to war with BLANC and BLANCHE, the fair,
Who o'er white ivories royal honours share ;
Why to the adverse field with dire array
Went both, death braving for the dubious day,
Or sing, or say : and tell the mighty powers,
The *Gods of Game*, who ruled the hostile hours ;
Who in the battle lent divided aid,
Impell'd the leaders, or their rashness stay'd—
As erst great Homer sung pantheon'd gods,
Who fought with men, incalculable odds !
When beauteous Helen, in adult'rous freak,
To *Paris* went, when her anointed Greek
Follow'd, and Ilium fell, ordain'd to prove
The dreadful havoc of illicit love.
But his were fabled gods ; mine now exist,
Demons of pow'r unquestion'd ; and the list,
Ere we the battle sing, proclaim'd shall be,
Of each the name, pow'r, nature, and degree.
But first, O muse, the testy people sing,
From whose dire hate these strains advent'rous spring.

In days of yore—what time no bard has sung,
Or sung with truth—the race call'd *Chessic* sprung :
From Diomedes some the race derive ;
Some to Palimides the honour give ;
This lived when cried for conquest Philip's boy,
And that when Priam perish'd with his Troy.
Others suppose their founder (bane or boon)
Dropp'd, thro' some strange volcano, from the moon ;
Others opine, Prometheus (when his plan,
Of manufact'ring and igniting man
With life he first projected, he essay'd
Smaller game first, experiment to aid),
Found a huge tusk some elephant had cast ;
The tusk divided, and its portions class'd
In equal sets ; one set dyed *black*, and then
With skill mechanic form'd the chessic men ;
Next from a moon-beam vivified the breed,
And gave them action, as a sample deed ;
His mind investing with what might be done
When, moulding clay, he pilfer'd from the sun.

Fashion'd and furnish'd thus, the sage design'd
The pigmy tribes as emblems of mankind :
The white the virtuous, and the black the base ;
And hence between them endless war has place.
As two game-cocks of the rough English breed
Whene'er they meet instinctively proceed
To vigorous battle, scorning each to yield,
So these ne'er meet but hostile is the field.
Both to the contest loyal bosoms bring,
Reckless of all but safety of their king.
To guard the monarch when alarms perplex,
E'en either *queen*, unmindful of her sex,
Resigns the sceptre for the shield and sword,
And braves all perils to defend her lord.
E'en reverend *bishops* to the field he draws,
With swords, not canons, to defend his cause ;
And Europe's annals will, of old, reveal
A bishop's lawn enveloped by steel.
The bishop falling into foemen's hands,
The papal sire his captive son demands ;

The ducal captor, bitter in his jest,
Sent to the Pope the bishop's chain-mail vest,
With this appeal, " Our duty while you note,
Judge if this be thy *peaceful* offspring's coat :"
The jest prevail'd ; the sire, to reason won,
The coat disclaiming, disavow'd his son.
Chess-knights came next, for war more dear to fame ;
An added *order* to the field then came,
To chess peculiar, so affirm their books,
Yet ev'ry nation boasts the order—*Rooks*.
Rooks were they call'd, a castle each possess'd,
The king's great safeguard, when the battle press'd ;
Rooks are the chessic ministers of state,
The king's rook premier, paramount in weight.
Bishops rank next, the king's the *arch* : the *knights*
Come *last*, though honour'd with extensive rights ;
The queen's *own knight* ranks least among the set,
A simple knight, the king's a baronet.
Subalterns all are in the chessic court
Call'd *Pawns* ; all pledged their monarch to support ;

Some male, some female; and, 'mid battle's thralls,
Whene'er the queen of either colour falls,
The happy *she-pawn* who shall dare invade
The adverse camp, and, having footing made,
Secures her 'vantage, her the king must own
As legal partner of his bed and throne;
Nay, should she reach it ('tis the farthest post
I' th' adverse lines) ere either side has lost
Or chief or pawn, although her own queen lives,
His hand and heart to her the sovereign gives;
Two wives allow'd: such wives no care excite,
Who always *for*, not *with*, their husbands fight.
Each *manly* pawn who emulates the deed,
Reaching the adverse camp, from pawnship freed,
The rank obtains of any slain in fight,
(As wills his sov'reign) bishop, rook, or knight.

To states a lesson chessic tribes extend,
Ruler and ruled must each on each depend;
Subjects they teach their safety is the throne,
Teach king's their subjects' safety is their own.

The chessic tribes, peculiar in their gait,
Vary their modes of motion ; some march straight,
Direct and forward, some oblique ; some bound ;
And some with lateral movement glide the ground.
The royal state the *monarch's* march confines,
One step he takes, then stops : his course combines
Forward, or back, oblique or lateral lines.
The *rook* or steps, or slides (as wants incline
Or fears impel) in horizontal line ;
Forward, back, sideways (to no space confined),
As many paces as content his mind.
In line diagonal the *bishops* move,
One step or more, as prudence may approve.
The *knight*, borne proudly on his fiery steed,
Leaps, and at once three paces can proceed
In all directions ; measuring his track
From black to white, again from white to black—
Chequer'd the field where chessic warriors fight ;
One square, or step, alternate, black and white.
Each *PIECE* (in chessic *pieces* “ chiefs ” imply,
To *pawns* alone that title they deny)—

Each piece, when moving, should a *friend* impede,
Behind that friend he stops, nor dares proceed ;
But should a *foe* obstruct his order'd way,
And he that foe should captivate or slay,
Where stood the vanquish'd must the victor stand,
Nor move till licensed by supreme command.
The *pawns* straight forward march : when first they
move
Two steps they take, if prudence should approve ;
After, their way by *single* step they make ;
Forward they march, *obliquely* kill, or take ;
And in an angle when a foe they join
The conqu'ring pawn pursues the vanquished's line*.
The *queen*, more privileged by sovereign right,
Moves, takes and kills, as all do, save the knight ;
No boundary limits, and no step confines ;
Alike to her or distances or lines.


* The pawn is restricted from moving two paces at first, should an adverse pawn be so placed that the moving pawn cannot proceed two steps without passing that which is stationary.

Thus, when unsex'd is lovely woman found,
No ties restrain her, and no barriers bound ;
Let casque and corslet once disgrace her form,
'Tis sunshine darken'd by impending storm.

The cause now sing, to perish ere they'd yield,
Which led the adverse *iv'ries* to the field,
To wage the conflict, now our chief regard,
As sung by *Phillidor* the chessic bard.
In the "last lay" that mov'd his tuneful tongue,
A direful battle the sage minstrel sung ;
Dread was the carnage, obstinate the fight,
The palm of triumph yielded to the *white* ;
Shame bow'd the *black*, and thus the sable queen
Address'd her lord and liege, with vengeful mien :
" Rouse, glorious monarch, from this pause of shame,
And swear to renovate our pow'r and name ;
Rouse thee, great Niger, at thy Nigra's call,
And prove this *Phillidor* a babbling brawl ;
The *white's* great advocate, our foeman sworn ;
But shall by us such insolence be borne ?

Our fame is tainted by his partial lays,
Ours was the triumph, but they gain'd the praise.
Shall pale-faced *Blanc*, king of a chalky race,
With thy bronze phiz compare his whey-wash'd face?
Shall puny *Blanche*, his bloodless queen, presume
To match my beauty, like the black plum's bloom?
Shall *Blanc's* white bishop, *Crosieroi*, compete
With yours, black *Mitrex*? or her bishop neat,
Reinelawne, from *Mitregina* (mine) palm gain?
His knight, sir *Garderoi*, hers, sir *Gardereine*,
With yours, sir *Ensorex*; and mine, that knight
Of hardy deeds, sir *Reginalde*, show fight?
His rook, mean *Roifort*, with *Rextour*, your own;
Or *Reineforte*, hers, with *Regintoure*, my crone,
Vie, and we silent sit? My liege, for shame!
Go, brave the battle, and restore our fame:
See how I blush!"—Her royal blush was blue;
Niger look'd black, as sables ever do.
"Nigra," he cried, "by your black eyes subdued,
Or your black looks, I know not which—what's good

To you good seems to me ; for I ne'er lack,
When your black beauties, or your heart as black,
Ask my compliance, wish to please you, nor
Will now—Go, herald, and proclaim the war.”
And down he sat, as some portentous cloud,
Heavy and black, sits o'er some gathering crowd,
Seeming to say, “ My torrents soon shall fall,
So, run, rascallions, or I'll drown you all !”



THE CHESSIAD.

CANTO SECOND.

The gods, or demons, of gaming and chance assembled in council—Their names, characters, and powers—The war proclaimed by Niger canvassed—*Hazard*, the chief demon, declares his rage against Niger for omitting to pay him homage, and menaces him with his fulminated vengeance—*Faro*, remonstrating, incurs the indignation of *Hazard*, who threatens to hurl him down to earth, parodying Jupiter—*Pope Joan* pacifies *Hazard*, and convinces him that the chessic feuds will redound to his honour—The gods and goddesses obtain permission of *Hazard* to mingle in the battle, and to confound the presumption of Niger—*Joan* fills *Hazard*'s golden cup, but not with nectar: he drinks, and the rest of the demons partake of their favourite drams—A round game is called, and *Hazard* tricks them all to gratify his spleen,

HIGH o'er Charybdis and fell Scylla sat
The gods and goddesses of CHANCE, in chat;
On a huge mount, by noxious clouds enclosed
Which Stygian vapours, dense as dire, composed.

There sat the gambler's gods, in *gameful* glee;
Such their Olympus, call'd a *Rookery*.

There sat they, watching where their vot'ries sly
Met to perform their rites: to cog the die,

To pack the cards, to thumb the devil's books,
And offer pigeons by their priests, the *rooks*.

High o'er the rest, most baneful to mankind,
Sat hungry HAZARD; like the north-east wind,
Blighting Hope's flow'rs: below him, next in power,

FARO, E O, and *Rouge et Noire*; who cower
O'er fools and madmen, leading them astray,
And, having clutch'd, devouring all their prey.

There, with four hands, sat WHIST; precise and mum,
Though fam'd for *tricks*, and *odd* tricks, too; next
come

Thy claims, PIQUETTE—from France the demon
springs,

And, as her altar's priests, boast fourteen *kings*;
As many priestesses, in *queens*, she owns;
And fourteen *knaves* attend her various thrones.

But bless'd the king, if *any* fame report,
Who musters only fourteen knaves at court.
There OMBRE, once by fashion's dames ador'd ;
But now her altars are more starv'd than stor'd.
QUADRILLE, too : much her worship has decreas'd,
Spadille her augur, *Basto* is her priest.
CRIBBAGE, whose altars votive *pegs* devour :
Who most can *crib* propitiates best the power.
There too, ALL-FOURS ; by antiquated dame
Addressed ; both *high* and *low* assert her fame ;
A *Jack* her flamen, and her off'ring *Game*.
There *Put*, in tap-rooms his mean altar stands,
His greasy altar, serv'd with unwash'd hands ;
Ace at his orgies leads, the *deuce* they play,
And burn their off'rings in a butcher's *tray*.
There sat dull Loo ; a sordid pow'r, who rules
With sway *unlimited* ; invoked by *Pools* ;
His high priest *Pam* upon the margin stands,
“ Loo ! Loo ! ” he cries, and spreads his grasping hands ;
Each pool he drags, the sacred fish to get,
And for his god “ all's fish that comes to net.”

POPE JOAN was there ; not she of Rome the hope,
Who bless'd the conclave with a little pope ;
Worship'd on winter nights ; a pope her priest,
And fish and farthings her round altar feast.

COMMERCE, a demi-god, who but survives
(He eviternal) four precarious lives.

There SPECULATION, barter's God ; and more,
Whose natures known, 'twere needless to explore.

All sat in council, when high HAZARD saw
Niger prepare th' insatiate blade to draw ;
Niger, the king who o'er black chess-men sway'd,
Who homage ne'er at Hazard's altar paid ;
For chess-men, black or white, no creed advance
That owns dependence on the *powers of chance*.
On Niger Hazard fix'd his eager eye,
Lower'd his black brow, and look'd—*tremendously* !
“ We hear,” he cried, “ ye partners of our pow'r,
Big words from Niger of the sable tow'r ;

Warfare he threatens on the white-rob'd king ;
He, to our altars who'll no tribute bring,
Or ask our aid, or deprecate our rage ;
Yet he, by us unsanction'd, dares engage :
For this I'll all his sable pow'rs confound ;
His queen shall fall, his chieftains bite the ground ;
His pawns be all beyond redemption cross'd,
Like real pawns, when duplicates are lost.
Not that the white king I regard, for he
No more than Niger off'ring brings to me,
But that not Blanc, but Niger, draws the sword,
Of us regardless, gaming's sov'reign lord.
Sixes and sevens shall confound his care,
No seven his main, and by size ace I swear"—
He paus'd, and shook his matted locks, that hurl'd
Mildew and pestilence throughout the world ;
Charybdis' waves with tenfold fury swell,
And murd'rous Scylla howls within her hell ;
The gods of gaming stood by awe engross'd,
When FARO rose, and with him all his host.

“ Father of all our pow’rs, why vent thy spite
On those too mean for thy resistless might ?
Let them contend, and, though no previous pray’r
To thee was sent, the puny rebels spare ;
About their sacrifice no more make fuss ;
Their slaughter’d ranks are hecatombs to us.”
The awful Hazard no controlment brooks,
And dire the fury that inflam’d his looks,
When the great father of the swindling pow’rs
Exclaim’d, “ Who dares dispute a word like ours ?
What are ye all to us compar’d, mean Gods ?
Between us calculate the mighty *odds* ;
Ye, near whose altars no high spirit steps,
Your vot’ries dowagers and demireps,
And things of nothing, who but little boast ;
Vent’ring mean hundreds, or each hundred’s ghost—
And who is mighty Faro and his host ?
Princes and dukes at my broad altars stand,
The pride, the boast, the glory of the land ;
Who at one off’ring more enrich my shrine,
Faro, with more than hundreds paid at thine ;

Who stake estates, unbounded ! ay, and more,
Double and treble it thrice three times o'er ;
Have stak'd whole provinces ; had stak'd the world
Could they have grasp'd it, and in ruin hurl'd ;
And when they 've offer'd all they have, and more,
My altar's crimson'd with their self-shed gore ;
Honour, fame, friendship, ev'ry sacred tie,
Life and salvation stak'd upon the die ;
The doubtful die, whose craving nought can sate,
Whose issue 's famine and whose cast is fate.
And you, you, Faro, to dispute my will !
Persist not, fool, or fury takes its fill :
This thundering *dice-box*, at thy impious head
Hurl'd, shall transfix thee where no gamesters tread ;
No gamesters there, with rankling pangs you pine,
Scotch'd of your rites and all your vot'ries mine.
Let down our dreadful ever rattling box,
Which holds what reason, faith, and feeling, shocks ;
Strive all of gaming or of swindling birth
To frame than that a greater curse to earth,

Ye strive in vain : if I but stretch this hand,
I heave destruction o'er the fated land ;
I fix the box upon the table's height,
And the vast stake lies forfeit in my sight ;
For such I reign, unbounded, and will be ;
And such are gamesters and their gods to me."
He ceas'd ; and had the baneful dice-box hurl'd,
As pagan Jove his bolts of thunder whirl'd,
Full at rash Faro's head, who duck'd with fear,
As schoolboy ducks, when threatening fist is near ;
But beauteous *Joan*, the gentle *pope*, up came,
Intriguing Hebe to the god of game ;
Pope Joan arose, and, soothing as the south,
With coaxing kisses stopp'd his arm, and *mouth* ;
Her hand beneath his matted beard she plac'd,
And, bending low, his huge knock-knees embrac'd ;
“ Father, and first of all our race,” she cried,
(And smil'd insidiously) “ let rage subside ;
None will—none mean—none dare—thy greatness
lower ;
Advice we offer, but presume no more.”

His look was soften'd ; and, in pout, he said,
“ Go on—we listen ;” then reclin'd his head.
She, smiling, thus, “ For those your wrath who raise,
The chessic race, I scorn to plead, or praise ;
But since on *Chance* they never must depend,
To thee, by fate, commission'd not to bend,
Forego your anger ; and, since they disown
Your pow'r, still make the triumph all your own.
The pow'rs now present, when the fight flames high,
In various forms will to the battle fly ;
Assume each leader's form when from his place,
And urge the ranks with ardour to embrace
Each desperate 'venture, to their own disgrace.
So shall their feuds, confounded, soothe your hate,
And slaughter'd heroes shall your vengeance sate ;
While the proud king whom adverse pow'rs subdue
Shall mourn his host a sacrifice to you !”
She ceas'd—awhile in sulky thought he mus'd,
Assent then nodded and th' affront excus'd.
The Gods, resolv'd to mingle in the fray,
Like Homer's gods in Troy's disastrous day,

Requir'd his leave ; he granted it, just so
As proud men favours on their pimps bestow.
But now, his irritated mind to soothe,
(For still his brow the tyrant could not smooth),
Joan, his dear Hebe, fill'd the golden cup
With—*what* I know not, but he drank it up.
Such drams as each preferr'd were order'd in ;
“ And now,” cried Joan, “ a round game let 's begin.”
Their pockets by his art soon Hazard eas'd,
The pow'rs were pilfer'd and his wrath appeas'd.

THE CHESSIAD.

CANTO THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Morning *gets up*, lets out day-light, and locks up darkness—A simile in point—Chessic forces drawn out for battle—Their order, tactics, and discipline—Put, who has laid odds with Loo upon Niger, appears *invisibly* to Blanc, and induces him to begin the battle, in order to remove the anger of Hazard from Niger to the white king—Battle commences—Description of it, interspersed with similes and reflections—The demons assist their favourites—Deaths related in their proper places, as detailing them here would be killing the people before their time—Pope Joan makes a ferocious attack on a white knight—The combatants parted by Night—Bishop Crozier's speech—A parody.

Now Morning, yawning, rais'd her from her bed,
Slipp'd on her wrapper blue and 'kerchief red,
And took from Night the key of Sleep's abode ;
For Night within that mansion had bestow'd

The Hours of day ; now, turn and turn about,
Morn takes the key and lets the Day-hours out ;
Laughing, they issue from the ebon gate,
And Night walks in. As when, in drowsy state,
Some watchman, wed to one who chars all day,
Takes to his lodging's door his creeping way ;
His rib, arising, lets him in to sleep,
While she emerges to scrub, dust, and sweep.

'Twas morning now ; and now the kings of chess
Draw out their forces, and their marching press ;
Soon on the chequer'd field the foes appear,
Their ivory hearts impervious to a fear.
In horizontal lines the armies stand,
The field's *extremities* the chiefs command ;
The *white* the *north* to fix their standard gain,
The *black* the *southern* confine of the plain ;
Front daring front : two-deep, in rows confin'd ;
The pawns *before*, king, queen and chiefs *behind*.

Muse, sing the chiefs, their names and their renown ;
And first the forces of the *lily* crown.

Blanc the august, the white king, stood like Saul,
(Central, on *black* square) tallest of the tall.
Close at his left (on *white*) his consort stood,
Blanche, pallid Amazon, who show'd no blood
In her fair cheeks ; but, when the fight began,
Boldly she singled and engag'd her man.
On *Blanc's* right hand, and *Blanche's* left, was plac'd
A lawn-clad bishop, but with corslet brac'd ;
Sage *Crosieroi*, the king's ; whose constant aim
Was *checking Niger*, to conclude the game.
For kings are sacred, and in chessic strife
Ensur'd from hazard is the royal life ;
Nor will their law the ruthless soldier spare
A king to capture who should rashly dare ;
But on some foe when fortune power bestows
The royal life or liberty to close
“ *Check !*” must he cry ; and to the threaten'd king
Should each remove an equal peril bring
“ *Checkmate !*” they cry ; the king the palm must
yield,
Though all his forces should array the field.

But when the *king*—queen, chiefs and pawns, all lost ;
Or *pawns* remain, each hemm'd in at his post—
Stands free from check, yet certain check must prove
Move when he may, and still impell'd to move,
“ *Stalemate !*” the monarch cries, with joyful phiz,
The fight's decided and the victory his ;
The foe, confounded, arms and standard bring,
A suppliant tribute to the vaunting king ;
Who, big with triumph, struts : as oft I've seen
A conquering game-cock on a village green,
While he beheld his vanquish'd rival flee,
Strut, clap his wings, and crow for victory.
At Blanche's *left* mild Reinelawn (bishop's queen),
Gentle in manner, firm in mind, was seen ;
His tutor'd duty to oppose the track
Of Mitrex fell, king's bishop of the black.
Close to each bishop stood a *knight of force*,
Each proudly seated on a menag'd horse,
Which o'er the field, curvetting here and there,
Spread dread dismay, and ruin, and despair.

Garderoi the king's side took ; *Gardereine* the side
Where royal *Blanche* appear'd, in ivory pride.

Sidelong by these the rooks : *Roifort* the right
Of *Blanc*, and *Reineforte* the opposing site.

The *pawns* before them in a line extend,
A pigmy race, but far too brave to bend ;
Equal in rank, except the pawn dispos'd
Front of the bishop with the king who clos'd,
The monarch's body guard, he kept his stand
Till case extreme his marching should command.

On northern limit thus the whites were plac'd,
Blacks on the south their equal rivals fac'd.

Niger and *Nigra* on the middle site,
She stood on black, the monarch on the white ;

Mitrex, *Rexensor*, and *Rextour*, the pride
Of *Niger's* army, grac'd the monarch's side.

Black *Mitregina*, *Reginalde* the knight,
And brave rook *Regintoure*, guard *Nigra's* right.

Now in the Rookery the gods of game
Assembled sat, to view the field of fame ;

There angry Hazard, high above the rest,
In thought profound, a mist of mildew press'd;
One arm thrown, careless, o'er a cloud of blight,
The other's elbow press'd a fog of night;
The hand his chin receiv'd, which there reclin'd;
The fingers, part before and part behind
His tangled beard; one foot was backward drawn,
T' other, stretch'd out, a bog-mist rested on.
Thence his keen eye survey'd the chessic lawns,
The kings, queens, bishops, champions, rooks, and
pawns.

Awhile both armies meditating stood;
No trumpet's clangor urg'd the direful feud,
But awful silence through each phalanx reign'd,
And wary thought impetuous heat restrain'd.
Both trac'd the field with circumspective eyes,
Each chance to calculate and ward surprise.
As when the elephant, in wild retreat,
And barb'd rhinoceros abruptly meet;
By nature foes; each other they survey
With anxious scrutiny; the mortal fray

Each to anticipate intent ; for he
That first advantage gains must victor be.
If that with pond'rous trunk first strike the blow,
Stunn'd, an immediate conquest is the foe ;
But if the foe the pond'rous trunk evade,
Death's certain dart his fatal horn is made.
So chess-men rush not to a pell-mell fray,
But vict'ry gain, like Fabius, by delay.
At length, from where the speculating gods
Survey'd the field, and gave and took the odds,
Impatient Put came down the misty way,
Drawn by three steeds, his car a pasteboard *tray* ;
His steeds (from Pluto's old black hackney bred,
And Mars' red mare) were *skewbald*, black and red.
Impetuous Put, deceitful power, who plays
His cards astutely, recreant fears to raise
Within the adverse breast : all shifts he knows ;
With weakest hand the boldest fight he shows ;
Puts upon nothing, with imposing frown,
And by effront'ry bears his rival down.

Niger his aim, his care was to excite
The pallid monarch to begin the fight ;
Deeming first blow a foul offence would prove,
And Hazard's anger from the blacks remove ;
Remov'd, on Blanc with double force 'twould fall,
The white hope wither, and confound them all.
Blanc's cause no injury had he aim'd to do,
But that on Niger he took odds with *Loo*.
Blanc then he sought, and speciously began,
“ Why don't you *put* 'em boldly, like a man ?
Daring does wonders, shrinking brings remorse ;
Whirlwinds and torrents own resistless force.
On to the charge then, victory I bring ;
I, guardian genius of the white-rob'd king.”
Veil'd in thick mist he spake ; the wondering
white
Heard his *good* genius, though conceal'd the
sprite,
Admiring heard : his crafty words persuade ;
“ Charge !” cried the monarch, and the men obey'd.

(1.) *Blanc-pawn* (the pawn *before* the king who stands)

Two paces marches, as the king commands.

Niger-pawn (he before the black king set)

Stepp'd out two paces and his rival met.

There foot to foot they stood; while scorn each lower'd,

But dar'd not charge till fresh command empower'd;
Chessmen a Roman discipline obey,

And he who strikes unbidden, though the day

His prowess gain, resigns his forfeit breath,

Crown'd, like young Manlius, by the hand of death.

(2.) Now mitred *Crosieroi* the opening cleft

And front of Reinelawn stood, to Blanche's left.

The sable *Mitrex* saw the lily priest,

His biting falchion from its sheath releas'd,

(1st move.) White king's pawn 2 squares.

Black do. do. do.

(2.) White king's bishop at his queen's bishop's 4th square.

Black do. do. do. do.

Flew where he stood—*Piquet's* assurance got
 That he the rival Bishop should *capotte*—
 And he had cleft him, but that *Pope*, unseen,
 The desperate Bishops threw herself between ;
 Between them drew an *horizontal* line,
 Spell-fraught, and shield against each rash design.

(3.) The *Pawn* which front of bishop Reinlawne
 staid,

By Blanche commanded, *one* advance then made ;
 When fierce sir *Ensorex*, by *Brag* inspir'd,
 O'erleap'd black Mitrex' pawn, by vengeance fir'd,
 Thirsting for blood. (4.) *Blanch-pawn* two paces
 squar'd,

To shield from Mitrex Blanc's white body guard,
 And reach the centre of the field, for there
 Phalanx to place is chessic warrior's care.

(3.) White queen's bishop's pawn 1 square.

Black king's knight at his king's bishop's 3d square.

(4.) White queen's pawn 2 squares.

Black pawn takes white pawn.

But there stood *Niger-pawn*, and *Cribbage*, near,
 “*Peg* that white boaster,” whisper’d in his ear :
Niger-pawn took the hint, commenc’d death’s strife,
Pegg’d him to earth, and cribb’d his lily life.

(5.) A *white pawn* nigh return’d on him death’s job,
 Fell’d him, and cried, “There’s one, sir, for your nob.”

Mitrex retired one pace, advis’d by *Loo*,

Who though a desperate demon’s cautious too,
 And politicians of the chessic race

In the king’s bishop’s fall foretell disgrace ;

His line of movements caution must supply,

And not from fear he flies but policy.

Loo chose the whites for that, among the gods,

On *Blanc*, with *Put* (as sung), he took the odds.

(6.) Now white sir *Gard’reine* pranc’d upon the plain,

A station front of *Reinelawne*’s post to gain,

(5.) White pawn takes black pawn.

Black king’s bishop at his queen’s knight’s 3d square.

(6.) White queen’s knight at his bishop’s 3d square.

Black king castles.

Behind brave *Crosieroi*. The *sable king*,
 Suspecting ill from *Crosieroi* would spring,
 For full security his station took
 Within the castle of his left-hand rook*.

(7.) Now brave sir *Garderoi*, to inspect the throng,
 Bounded, and rested at the feet of *Blanc* :

The *pawn* that fronted the black bishop kept
 His place no more, but *one* pace forward stepp'd.

(8.) *Crosier* recedes *one* pace, compell'd by *Joan*,
 Who saw the *black queen's pawn* come posting on ;
 And, urg'd by *Brag*, *two* paces went the pawn,
 Threat'ning, with flourish'd blade, the man of lawn.

* *i. e.* He castled. The king can castle on either side, when there is no piece between the king and the rook with which he intends to castle ; but he cannot castle when in check, nor if he has previously made a move. In castling, the rook is brought up to the king, and the king removed to the square next beyond the rook.

(7.) White king's knight at his king's 2d square.

Black queen's bishop's pawn one move.

(8.) White king's bishop at his queen's 3d square.

Black queen's pawn 2 moves.

(9.) *Blanc-pawn*, one pace, resumes his tardy course,
 Edging at angles fell *Rexensor's* horse ;
 The *fiery horse* retreats: O, shameful flight,
 A mean foot soldier drove a mounted knight !
 'Twas *Put*, though foe to whites, yet pleas'd to see
 The soldier's daring, saw the jeopardy
 In which he stood, oppos'd the furious knight,
 But only present to his horse's sight ;
 The sudden vision struck the horse with fear,
 " *Put*" bawl'd the god, like thunder, in its ear ;
 Backward, with sudden fright, the charger leapt,
 Sidelong with *Nigra* ; there his station kept.
 (10.) Fair *Blanche's* bishop, of inaction tir'd,
 Three paces to her right advanc'd, inspir'd
 By *Speculation* ; who, as *aid-de-camp*,
 Appear'd with orders from the mighty *Blanc*.

(9.) White king's pawn 1 move.

Black king's knight at his king's square.

(10.) White queen's bishop at his king's 3d square.

Black king's bishop's pawn one move.

One step the *pawn* in front of Rextour took,
To make an op'ning for the towering rook.

(11.) Now the *white queen*, with cautious, studious,
care,

Her station changes to the forward square ;
Her whiting's eyes around the field she throws,
Her friends salutes with smiles, with scorn her
foes.

Now *Niger's body guard* * essays the fight,
Despatching *Blanc-pawn* to the realms of night ;
(12.) *Blanche-pawn* beheld and left, a just reward,
Headless the body of the body guard ;
While *Nigra's bishop* took three squares his course,
To guard *her pawn* from the oppos'd white horse.

(11.) White queen at her second square.

Black king's bishop's pawn takes the pawn.

* The pawn which stands before the king's bishop.

(12.) White queen's pawn takes black pawn.

Black queen's bishop at his king's 3d square.

(13.) Now *Blanc's* prompt *knight* tow'rds *Mitregina*
flies

To take the black queen's bishop by surprise
When next he leaps; which catching *Nigra's* sight,
Her spear she poises and her aim the knight;
Steps out, obliquely to the left, *one* pace;
The horse grows restive at her grisly face.

(14.) *Reinelawn* and *Mitrex* long oppos'd had stood,
Scorn in their eyes, anath'ma in their mood;
The road lay open, none their fury stay'd,
But *Joan*, her care who every bishop made;
Now, absent she, to *Reinelawn Commerce* came,
Cried " See your rival, I your shield, take aim;
He has but *one* life, let that drop to me;
Translate the bishop to some other see."

(13.) White king's knight at his king's bishop's 4th square.
Black queen at her king's 2d square.

(14.) White queen's bishop takes black king's bishop.
Black pawn takes the bishop.

“The dead sea,” Reinelawne cried, with punning spite,
And sent the mitred black to blacker night.

A *pawn*, behind, aveng’d his bishop’s blood,
And sent the slayer to the Stygian flood.

(15). To *Roifort’s* castle wary *Blanc* retires,
To watch the field, while *Nigra’s knight* aspires

His queen to second ; to her side he flies,

Angled by *Ensorex*. (16.) Sir *Garderoi* eyes

The *black queen’s bishop* with relentless hate,

Leaps on his foe with man and horse’s weight ;

The trampled bishop dies : when Joan return’d,

Three death-translated mitred sons she mourn’d ;

Fir’d by revenge, she seiz’d fierce *Nigra’s* dart,

And drave the weapon through the horseman’s heart ;

Then stabb’d the horse, which plung’d, and with a bound

Leap’d four yards high, then bit the shaken ground ;

(15.) White king castles with his rook.

Black queen’s knight at his queen’s 2d square.

(16.) White knight takes black bishop.

Black queen takes the knight.

Down came the knight, his armour and his bones
Rattling like some huge load of tilted stones.
Now Night's approach made Crosieroi extend
His ivory crook. The signal all attend
Sacred to chessmen ; all obedience yield
To him, sole Bishop on the fatal field.
All wait to hear the venerable man,
Who strok'd his ivory beard and thus began.
" Forbear, my sons, to urge on further thrall ;
All dear to men, though Hazard hates ye all :
O'er all the world your wondrous worth is known,
Your blood says nothing, but all know your bone.
Now her ' thick blanket ' yawning Night has spread ;
'Tis half-past twelve, and time to go to bed ;
To-morrow-day again shall lead to fame,
And fate shall check determine, and the game."
He ceas'd, the kings this royal answer made,
" The bishop parts us ; be the Night obey'd."

THE CHESSIAD.

CANTO FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

To-morrow, or the next morning, compared to a maid sprinkling the doorway with her mop—More parody—The gods of game, prohibited mixing in the fray by Hazard, determine to go *incog*.—More *rounds* of the battle—Lamentable fates of the rival queens, and the grief of the widowed kings—Suspension of hostilities, to enable the monarchs to remove the bodies of their queens in solemn state—Heart-rending anguish of the chessic tribes—Put and Loo doubtful, and alarmed about their bet—They determine to mingle in the fight *incog*.—Are dissuaded by Pope Joan, who advises them to entreat permission of Hazard—They follow her advice and repair to the sire of gaming—Their reception—Description of Hazard's mouth—How it opens—His anger—Joan assuages it—They gain permission—How and why.

REBECCA now, as oft she had before,
Sprinkled with twirling mop her master's door;

When Hazard all the gamesters' gods conven'd,
Where the high rookery's clouds the demons screen'd;
The sire of swindlers broke dread silence through,
But what he said I know no more than you,
Further than this, the demons he forbade
The chessic field to enter or to aid;
While they, when he sat shrouded in his fog,
Resolv'd to have the frolic out *incog*.
Meantime his tilbury the gambling Jove
Mounted and to the zodiac circle drove;
Thence snatch'd the *scales*, the doubtful fate to weigh
Of chessic warfare and the furious day;
In one black iv'ry put, in t'other white,
The one prov'd heavy and the other light.
Which kick'd the beam uncertain must remain,
Till "check and triumph" finish the campaign.

'Twas morning now; the chessic bands took post,
Each where he stood when night dismiss'd the host,

Eager for strife. (17.) The *body guard* of Blanc

Two paces moved, to where rude clangor rang.

Black Ensorex curvetted to the right,

In lateral order with his comrade knight.

(18.) In his king's square the *white king's rook* was
seen,

Close to Rextour and facing Nigra's queen.

Rexensor's pawn from Niger's front then went

One step, to guard grim Nigra his intent ;

For *Blancs white body guard* one step alone

Lack'd to where stood the mistress of the throne ;

That step, if sovereign mandate had compell'd,

The pawn had taken and had Nigra fell'd ;

But that step taken *now* the white king knew

Death to his body's guardian must ensue.

(17.) White king's bishop's pawn 2 squares.

Black king's knight at his queen's bishop's 2d square.

(18.) White queen's rook at its king's place.

Black king's knight's pawn one move.

(19.) Now Blanc impels a *soldier on his right*
Forward *one* motion, eager to unite
His straggling infantry in solid band,
And, hence, success with vigour to command.
By *Whist* advis'd ; who scans events in train,
Of *points* tenacious, and of *honours* vain.
Then *Nigra's* pawn, with *one* bold step, attack'd
The hors'd sir *Gard'reine*, who (20.) abruptly back'd,
And leapt to where a white pawn stood, between
Himself and *Niger's* yet inactive queen—
For, *Niger's* orders fated to obey,
Fix'd stood the queen, tho' fretting for the fray—
Wond'ring he leapt and blushing that he fled,
That *one* foot soldier struck his soul with dread ;
But game's queer gods were sneaking on the lawn,
And *Put* attack'd him, imag'd by the pawn.

(19.) White king's rook's pawn one move.

Black queen's pawn one move.

(20.) White knight at his king's 4th square.

Black king's rook's pawn one move.

Niger observ'd the knight again to leap
 Prepar'd ; his eye on *one* spot saw him keep,
 As meditating next that spot to gain,
 From whence one leap had finish'd Nigra's reign ;
 Hence he commanded *Rextour's pawn* to move
One step, the knight to foil and save his love.

(21.) *One* move sir *Gard'reine's pawn*, with caution
 made,

The *oppos'd Black pawn* mov'd *once*, there, watching,
 staid.

(22.) *Twice* stepping, *Garderoi's pawn* the centre
 gain'd,

Where a strong line his comrade pawns maintain'd.
Niger's black knight, the centre line to force,
 With eager spur impell'd his restive horse ;

(21.) White queen's knight's pawn one move.
 Black queen's rook's do. do.

(22.) White king's knight's pawn 2 squares.
 Black king's knight at his queen's 4th square.

Stopp'd where his charger and sir Gard'reine's steed
 Stood foot to foot: nor dared the knights proceed
 To courted combat till obtain'd command;
 There fix'd, with angry impotence they stand.
 So have I seen two bull-dogs grin with spite,
 Held by their masters from the ruthless fight;
 Held by the neck; but yet, for sport oppos'd;
 Put on, then check'd, tho' by each other nos'd;
 While growling, snarling, with their eyes on fire,
 Foaming, and struggling, each displays his ire;
 Fruitless that ire; fierce looks from brute to brute,
 Foretell dread slaughter when the time shall suit.

(23.) But Blanc to aid his bishop's pawn intent,
 Who Nigra near'd, command to *Gard'reine* sent
 To wheel with rapid course, and backward spring,
 And stand *two* squares before the pallid king,
 That Cros'roi's pawn on boldly he might push:
 The hint was *Loo's*, t' ensure of whites a *flush*,

(23.) White knight at his king's knight's 3d square.

Black king's knight at white king's knight's 3d square.

Nigra his mark, who only had for guard
 A rook and man ;—could these the pawn retard,
 Trebly supported, had he gone his course,
 Back'd by a castle, bishop, and a horse ?
 But Niger, watching with a lynx's eye,
 Bade bold *Rexensor* to her rescue fly ;
 Facing strong *Reineforte*, elbowing queen *Blanche*,
 He stands : (24.) when, like a sudden avalanche,
 Huge *Reineforte* falls resistless on the knight,
 Whose body tarries, but his soul takes flight.
 Yet, lurking there, the *pawn of Nigra* came,
 The towering rook o'erlook'd the puny game ;
 Yes, like the fool, who from a small wound died,
 Which, deem'd as trifling, spread and mortified,
 Proud *Reineforte* scorn'd the humble pawn, whose
 blade
 Under the rook's fifth rib a passage made ;

(24.) White queen's rook takes knight.

Black pawn takes rook.

Th' unwieldy rook's o'erthrow pale Blanche appals,
For dread's the panic when a castle falls!

(25.) But short the time the *queen* on grief bestows,
The pawn stands pertly 'neath her royal nose,
And he had slain her, but the agile fair
Seiz'd the bold menial by his raven hair;
He aim'd to strike—'twas button to a boat—
She thrust her falchion down his craven throat,
Then spurn'd him off; yet honour'd was his death,
Since hands as fair as royal stopp'd his breath.
Now *Regintoure*, the black queen's rook, first mov'd;
And *kill'd the pawn* the slaughter'd *Reineforte*
lov'd;

A maiden pawn, whom *Reineforte* would have wed,
But she, aspiring, ey'd a nobler bed;
And, brave as fair, if death *Blanche*' fate had been,
The lovely amazon bade fair for queen.

(25.) White queen takes the pawn.

Black queen's rook takes the pawn of the opposite rook.

- (26.) *Roifort*, remaining rook, remov'd his post
 To that black square his sovereign first engross'd,
 To back his queen and *Blanche's* favour'd pawn ;
Nigra, obliquely, skimm'd the hostile lawn,
 And Gard'reine's pawn to other realms despatch'd ;
- (27.) When *Blanche*, her course who circumspectly
 watch'd,
 Stepp'd *one* square forward (*Crosier* at her beck),
 In *Nigra's* absence *Niger's* self to *check*.
 But *Nigra* saw ; as birds, the air she cleft,
 Her state resuming on the spot she 'd left,
 Facing, and frowning at, the adverse queen ;
 A pawn their bodies, hate their souls between.
- (28.) *Blanc's bishop's pawn* now rashly *Nigra* braves,
 A *black pawn* sends him to his fathers' graves ;

- (26.) White rook at his king's place.
 Black queen takes white queen's knight's pawn.
- (27.) White queen at her king's 4th square.
 Black queen at her king's third square.
- (28.) White king's bishop's pawn one square,
 Black pawn takes it.

(29.) The black pawn, braving *Blanche*, in turn is
slain

By *Garderoi's* pawn, white horseman of the plain ;
The pawn, elated by his foe's defeat,
Attack's stern *Nigra* ; she, as fierce as fleet,
Obliquely moves and, with a taunting mien,
Seizes the mantle of the rival queen ;
" Of one or both of us the time is come,"
She cried, then—flitted to eternal home ;
Sent there by *Blanche* who, as rash *Nigra* flew
To meet her, slily a fell poniard drew,

(30.) With her left hand the black queen's sword-arm
caught,
While with the right her coal-black heart she sought ;
Sought and secur'd ; the dagger tapp'd its blood :
Nigra lay rolling in an inky flood.

(29.) White pawn takes black pawn.
Black queen at her own fourth square.

(30.) White queen takes the queen.
Black pawn takes the queen.

Blanche with a conqueror's foot her bosom press'd ;
" Go, fiend," she cried, " but vainly hope for rest ;
Where'er thy spirit goes no peace can be,
Thyself the origin of anarchy."

Then turn'd, exulting, from the royal dead,
And wav'd her shield, triumphant, o'er her head ;
Niger then faced and would her dart have thrown,
But dar'd not—" *Check !*" she cried, " the field's
our own ;

Blanc reigns triumphant ! and his queen"—was *gone*,
Pierc'd by the jav'lin of a crafty *pawn*.

The widow'd kings awhile give nature way ;
Awhile suspend their anger and the fray,
The royal victims from the field to move :
And ivory tears each bosom's anguish prove.
The mournful chiefs upraise the bleeding pair ;
Each to her tent with solemn steps they bear :
There, laid in state, the amazons they leave ;
Retire in silence, and retire to grieve.

Now *Loo* and *Put* survey'd th' ensanguin'd plain ;
Two queens despatch'd and many a chess-man slain,
Within their bosoms anxious fears arose ;
Such odds depended on the battle's close :
To each more dubious now appear'd the day
Than when at first they betted on the fray.
Their hopes to fortify, their interest aid,
They vow'd to mingle in the fight they made,
In Hazard's spite ; when Joan advised the gods
Not to tempt Hazard, 'twere too serious odds ;
To angry Hazard up the demons flew,
Whose rattling bones, as near his throne they drew,
Appall'd them—humbly each his suit preferr'd ;
Scowling, like quarter-day, stern Hazard heard :
Enrag'd, at once his eyes with anger shone
As shines a dog's when from him snatch'd a bone ;
His jaws distended like some dread abyss,
And rage had thunder'd out, but with a kiss
Joan stopp'd his mouth, then fill'd his fav'rite cup ;
It held two quarts, but Hazard drank it up.

Coax'd to good humour, silence then he broke ;
The fogs all trembled as the demon spoke :
“ I see your danger, and I hear your pray'r,
Your case I pity, and your feelings spare ;
The die I cast, if sizes be the throw
Hazard consents, for fate 'tis bids you go ;
But one condition binds you, abject gods,
Whoever wins to me gives half the odds.”
They heard, consenting ; vain dispute had been ;
His cheek Joan patted, and then chuck'd his chin ;
The trembling box in 's harpy hands he took,
The thundering dice tremendously he shook ;
An earthquake follow'd : or in France, or Spain,
Or—*where* I know not, so to tell refrain.
The dice he threw, and sizes was the throw ;
“ 'Tis fate,” he cried, “ and Hazard bids you go.”

THE CHESSIAD.

CANTO FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The truce concluded and the royal sorrow assuaged, the battle recommences—The gods and goddesses interested play games, and use technicalities—The vice of punning in modest request—Rivalship of the she-pawns for the vacant situations of queen—Employment for Echo—Put taunted by Loo, in consequence of Niger's desperate situation—How to pique and repique—Chessic loyalty—Affecting death of a maiden pawn, seduced by Ambition and All-fours—Similes and reflections interspersed—A radical pawn—Flying castles—More loyalty—Black king checked several times—White king checked in his turn—Reflection—The fiftieth round finished—General detail—All the gods, &c. except Loo, Put, and Joan, commanded to leave the field—Tricks of Put and Loo, and the introduction of Pam in person—The battle draws near a conclusion—Checkmate to Niger—Reflections—The Poem concludes in the rookery—Business done there, and the moral.

THE truce concluded, and assuaged their grief,
The hope of triumph animates each chief;

Each female pawn the adverse camp survey'd,
While *royal* hopes inspir'd each beauteous maid;
Put, Loo, and Joan, were ready in the field,
Their foes to check, their friends assistance yield:
Yet Joan the pope care but of *one* man took,
Crosier, sole owner of the ivory crook;
Him she espied, now soften'd as the south,
Tears in his eyes, his finger in his mouth;
Rous'd him to action: south'ardly he ran
To meet the foe, and boldly face his man.
A pawn his way disputed, nor would cease,
(31.) He *brain'd the pawn*, then bade him rest in
peace.

Put saw the act, and gave the *sole black steed*
A desp'rate goad; resentful of the deed,
It leapt to where the bishop stood, engross'd
By study brown, and lively as a post—

(31.) White king's bishop takes the pawn in his way.
Black knight to his own 3d square.

Absent though present—like a casting trump,
 The horse, there jumping, made the bishop jump ;
 His death Put meant ; but Joan to save him 'rose,
 Chang'd to a furze bush 'neath the horse's nose :
 The charger back'd—(32.) the *bishop's pawn*, by Loo
 Prompted, went on *one* square ; forbidden two ;
One square, 'twas *black* ; his bishop mov'd on white ;
 And chessic sage tacticians thus indite :
 “ Let pawns, with *good security* if done,
 On different colours from their bishops run ;
 Then, when among the pawns gets rook or king,
 Bishops for pawns can best redemption bring.”
 The *sable rook* mov'd *one* square from his line,
 Fronting the mitre, murder his design.
 (33.) *Cros'roi* retreats ; two squares towards Blanc
 he moves—
 His monarch's safety each good bishop loves—

(32.) White king's bishop's pawn one move.

Black queen's rook at white queen's knight's 2d square.

(33.) White bishop at his queen's 3d square,

Black king at his bishop's 2d square.

But Put, observing, *Niger's* right arm took,
And led the king *before* his own *black rook* :
Suspecting *Crosier* of some shrewd design,
(34.) Whom Loo two squares brought down the
 slanted line ;

There with two lily pawns he stood, prepar'd
To *check* the black king when put off his guard.
Whist by them stood, manœuvering to teach,
And said, to help them, she'd a *hand* for each ;
Herself the fourth : their aim she bade them
 cloak,

And by false movement never to *revoke*,
But *follow suit* and to the *honours* stick,
Trump boldly, and play *Niger* the *odd trick*.
Now *Speculation* mounted up with speed
Behind *Sir Reginalde*, and spurr'd his steed ;
Nor'ward, to th' left, the fiery charger flew ;

(34.) White bishop at black king's bishop's 4th square.
 Black knight at white queen's bishop's 4th square.

(35.) When the *white horse*, impell'd by anxious Loo,
Leapt, nearing Niger: Niger trembling saw
His *foes* around him thick and closer draw.
So unsuspecting Cæsar saw his friends,
Yet, unlike Niger, little guess'd their ends;
But, "kill'd with kindness" by the friend best lov'd,
With "*et tu Brute!*" from the world remov'd;
That phrase, a heart had Brutus worn within,
A dagger's point retributive had been.
But one (though pedants may the point dispute)
Once render'd "*et tu Brute!*" *O, you brute!*
Put, in a fever, now provok'd the rook
That back'd the trembling Niger not to brook
His king insulted—"Mark the pallid king,"
He said, "*one* move both face to face will bring;
Put him at once, then." *Rextour* at his beck
Mov'd on one side, and loudly halloo'd "*Check!*"

(35.) White knight at black king's rook's 4th square.
Black king's rook gives check.

“ Check !” cried the rook, while Niger frown’d disdain,
 Though “ check” re-echoed o’er the marbled plain.

(36.) The *Bishop* guards his king: the *sable knight*
 Joins, at right angles, with the tower of white.

(37.) *Whist* to a *white pawn* cried, “ your fortune’s
 made,

Move, *lurch* old Niger,” and the pawn obey’d;
 “ *Check !*” said the *pawn*; th’ indignant monarch
 cried,

“ That man’s a radical,” and stepp’d aside,
 Front of his tower. (38.) A *white pawn’s* form Loo
 took

And *edg’d*, of death indicative, the rook;

(36.) White bishop covers the check.
 Black knight at white queen’s 2d square.

(37.) White king’s pawn checks.
 Black king at his knight’s 3d square.

(38.) White king’s bishop’s pawn one move.
 Black rook at king’s bishop’s square.

Then chang'd to *Pam*, an overwhelming evil,
 And "*Pam*" he roar'd; the *rook* cried "*Pam* be
 civil,"

Then to his right *once* motion'd; when *Piquette*
 (For *Loo*, his friend, concern'd) saw *Niger* fret,
 Said to th' *pale knight*, "*Check piqu'd* the royal black,
Repique him," and the horseman chang'd his track;
 (39.) And "*Check!*" he cried: the worried king
 back drew;

While *Put* grew pettish from the taunts of *Loo*.
 (40.) *Down*, upon *Rextour's* line, now *Crosier* mov'd,
Crosier, by *Joan* and three-legg'd *Loo* beloved;
 His aim on *Niger* fix'd—kings' bishops bring
 To th' field strong rancour 'gainst a rival king—
 To his own line the *black queen's rook* return'd,
 For *Niger's* danger from his scouts he learn'd;

(39.) White knight checks at his king's bishop's 4th square.
 Black king at his knight's 2d square.

(40.) White bishop at black king's rook's 4th square.
 Black queen's rook at white rook's 2d square.

Learn'd too, that watching near the camp were
screen'd

Two maiden pawns, each longing to be queen'd.

Niger, hemm'd in, had ev'ry thing to dread

Should Blanc obtain a partner for his bed ;

Niger a widower, his hope were done,

Such a long odds against him, two to one !

Soon after to his king the castle flew—

Castles have flown if fairy tales be true ;

If true be visions of the love-sick fair,

Who often dream of castles in the air.

(41.) *Blanche-pawn* to wed her royal master tried,

And stuck a bodkin into *Rextour's* side ;

The wound not fatal, though the blow was fierce ;

His tough bull-hide no trifling awl could pierce ;

The sting he felt, and, urged by pain and fear,

Roaring *he fled*, and thought some hornet near :

(41.) White king's pawn one move.

Black king's rook on his queen's bishop's square.

So goes a mastiff howling on his way
Stung by a wasp on some hot summer's day.

(42.) *Gard'reine* a check to Niger gave, for dash,
Not upon Coutts, for there he kept no cash :

For *Rextour's* square, check scorning, Niger made,
Sullen as Ajax stalk'd from Uly's shade.

(43.) The *milk white amazon* erst Crosier's seen,
A queen in thought—and who'd not be a queen?—

Sprang into Niger's lines, all hopes at stake—

“Ye Gods, what havoc does ambition make!”

At first she hesitated; *ALL-FOURS* *begg'd*

Loiter she'd not, but prove right nimble-legg'd;

Begg'd she'd play *high*, since great the stake on
show :

“High!” cried the maid and leap'd; cried *Rextour*,

“low!”

(42.) White knight checks black king on black king's 3d sq.
Black king on his rook's square.

(43.) King's bishop's pawn pushes on to queen.
Black king's rook takes pawn.

And then despatch'd her, though at stake his life ;
For there, with Gardereine, stood a would-be-wife
For Blanc—he saw the *white* horse foam and champ ;
He saw her watching to invade the camp ;
But, as he knew a queen would ruin bring,
His life he gave as tribute to his king :
So one, whose name escapes me, when the foe
Aim'd at his sov'reign a decisive blow,
The monarch's breast with agile effort cross'd,
And sav'd his master, though himself he lost.
Reintoure had sav'd the pawn, but, all engross'd,
His iron duty chain'd him to his post :
To see her bleed he, staggering, scarcely stood—
“ Many do faint when they do look on blood.”
(44.) On came sir *Gardereine*, shouting as he came,
“ High and low play'd, I'm Jack, and there's the
Game.”

(44.) White knight takes black king's rook.

Black knight to white queen's bishop's 4th square.

Spearing the rook, who, dying, cried "For shame!"
 The *black knight*, rous'd by Put (for fire he'd hung),
 Grasshopper like, down Gardereine's limit sprung.

(45.) *Roiforte*, the rook, went close to *Blanc's* left ear,
 And whisper'd what ordain'd were none to hear:
 "He never told his love;" o' th' council he;

Such must be mum, and only hear and see;
 The *black knight*, knowing whisp'ring mischief brings,
 Nigher his king, like boy at leap-frog, springs.

(46.) *Roiforte* the whisper's import now disclos'd
 By action, and came down the field, dispos'd
 Lat'rally with sir Regi., him to take,
 Or aid white Crosier fatal check to make:
 Pale Blanc unguarded stood, not pale with fear;
Regintoure saw, and saw his roadway clear;

(45.) White king's rook on his king's bishop's square.

Black knight to his queen's 3d square.

(46.) White rook at black king's bishop's 3d square.

Black queen's rook checks.

Pounc'd upon Blanc, and had him at his beck ;
 " Check !" bawl'd the rook ; the hills resounded
 " *Check !*"

(47.) The rook defeating, *Blanc*, with ruffled air,
 Mov'd *down* for safety to a priv'leg'd square :
 Blanc, then first check'd, his rival's tremor shows ;
 But, " hapless he who ne'er misfortune knows."

Niger in danger, *Regintoure* returns,
 While at the queening pawn his fury burns ;
 Resolv'd no crown should grace her in the strife ;
 " Sooner my castle fall," he cried, " and life."
 (48.) *Check !*" cried sir *Gardereine*, as he made his
 bound ;

Niger just then was lost in thought profound ;
 Loo cried, in triumph, " Vict'ry 's at his gates ;"
 And Put look'd daggers, sudden deaths, and fates ;

(47.) White king at his knight's 2d square.
 Black rook at his own square.

(48.) White knight checks at black king's knight's 3d square.
 Black king at his knight's 2d square,

By royal shoulders the slow king he took,
And *shoved him down*, right-angled with the rook.
(49.) *Roiforte*, protected by white pawn and horse,
Into the sable camp pursued his course ;
Meaning by sudden effort to secure
The frowning castle of sir Regintoure—
“ O, vain the man whom wealth superfluous glads ;
Who field to field, to castle castle adds ;
Who *more* still coveting for that stakes all ;
His fields shall wither and his castles fall ;
Himself be lost, like chaff dispers'd by wind ;
In vain all seek him ; none his place shall find !”
E'en now, to *Roiforte's* grasping fancy, shook
The threaten'd castle of dead *Nigra's* rook ;
Who, from a loop-hole peeping, ey'd his foe,
And bade his men make all secure below ;
When hardy *Reginalde* a bold leap tried,
And came down, thundering, close by *Roiforte's* side :

(49. White rook on black king's bishop's square.

Black knight on black king's square.

Down thundering and rebounding from the place ;
He shook pale Roiforte's castle to the base.

(50.) *Sir Gardereine* then, to make the black knight
scow'r,

(He, sole protector of the sable tow'r),
Sprang (on black king's fourth chequer to alight)
And left expos'd to Crosier the black knight,
Who sprang in turn ; for had the chief not flown
Both horse and rider had been overthrown.
Now rag'd the battle with redoubled force,
Fury and death pursued their wonted course :
Full fifty rounds of hurly burly told,
Let general notices the rest unfold.
All hurry-skurry was th' ensanguin'd plain,
And oft the slayer toppled o'er the slain.
The knights both wounded, *Put* the black conceal'd,
Wrapt in a cloud, and whirl'd him from the field ;

(50.) White knight to black king's 4th square.
Black knight on white queen's 3d square.

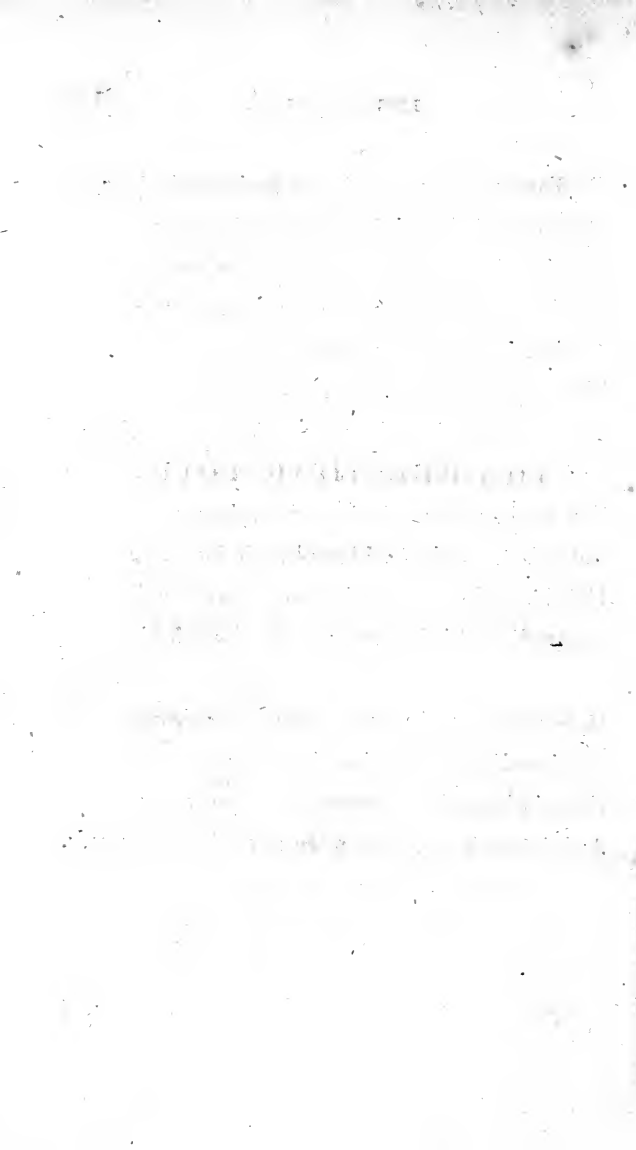
Mounted his charger, through the battle brawl'd,
With port and panoply like Reginald ;
Loo saw the trick, abducted the white knight,
And back'd his charger by an armed sprite,
With *Put* who combated ; both desp'rate, for
“ When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.”
Put met a lion when he sought a lamb ;
Wonder'd, but knew not that he fought with *Pam*.
Now down look'd Hazard from the rookery's height,
To mark the various changes of the fight ;
Despatched by *Joan* a message to the gods
To leave the field, save those who bet the odds ;
But gave permission to th' intriguing fair
To make her own dear *Crozy* still her care.
He saw *Blanche-pawn*—a crown her bold design—
Caught her, unseen, and rais'd her o'er the line :
Her daring soul his admiration drew ;
Her game was Hazard, Hazard help'd her through—
She stood a QUEEN ! *Put* aim'd to strike her dead,
Hazard the dice-box thunder'd o'er his head :

Put was confounded : for a trivial space
Each on the plain was fixture to his place.
Loo crown'd the royal maid with hand unseen,
The whites paid homage, and proclaim'd her queen !
No queen could Niger hope, for each black pawn,
Female or male, lay dead upon the lawn ;
And of all Blanc's not one remain'd but she
Who claim'd by right the crown of sov'reignty.
Grateful to Blanc, determin'd to support
His fame as highly as she grac'd his court,
Niger she soon attack'd : he'd helpmates none,
Save Put and Regintoure, the rest were gone.
Blanc boasted only Roifort and the Priest,
With Pam (thought Gardereine) and, though last not
least,
His new made queen ; but these were quite an host
To Niger's force : he driv'n from post to post,
Check, like a pass-word, prophesied his wreck,
Whate'er was said 'twas echoed still by " *Check !*"
Vain all his hopes, though Put like fury fought,
But 'twas with Pam, who still the demon sought ;

While Put was thunderstruck, vain all his *puts* ;
'Twas Pam, and diamond always di'mond cuts.
The ground, like baited bull, now Niger spurn'd ;
This way and that way, ev'ry way he turn'd,
Turning in vain, his loss beyond recall,
And, like a spinning top, but turn'd to fall.
The queen and Pam his agonies increase,
Nor would the bishop let him rest in peace ;
Put at the bishop flew, Joan check'd his course,
Snatch'd Crozier's crook and quick, to Put's remorse,
Hook'd him behind and pull'd him from his horse.
" Check ! check !" so scandal duns misfortune's ears,
New barbs her pangs, and doubles all her fears.
'Twas fate—when Hazard weigh'd the fight's extreme,
Niger's black type flew up and kick'd the beam :
On Put he lean'd, who wonder'd at the scrape,
Himself assisting in a chess knight's shape ;
Threw up his vizor : Pam threw his up too,
And, archly nodding, cried " Put, how d'ye do ?
You're *loo'd*, my boy." Put, sullen, sneak'd away.
Niger, his sword to give and homage pay

To Blanc, mov'd on as moves a fresh caught bear,
Muzzled and chain'd, but longing all to tear ;
Vex'd to the heart he 'd listen'd to his wife ;
He 'd lost his kingdom, and she lost her life.
But keenly all are by repentance stung
Who act from counsel of a rancorous tongue.
White conquer'd *black* : not vice but virtues bless ;
And many a moral crowns the *Game of Chess*.
Now to the rookery all the gods made way ;
Put paid the odds, for Hazard made him pay :
Half Hazard took, with loud sepulchral laugh,
Threw dice with Loo and won the other half.

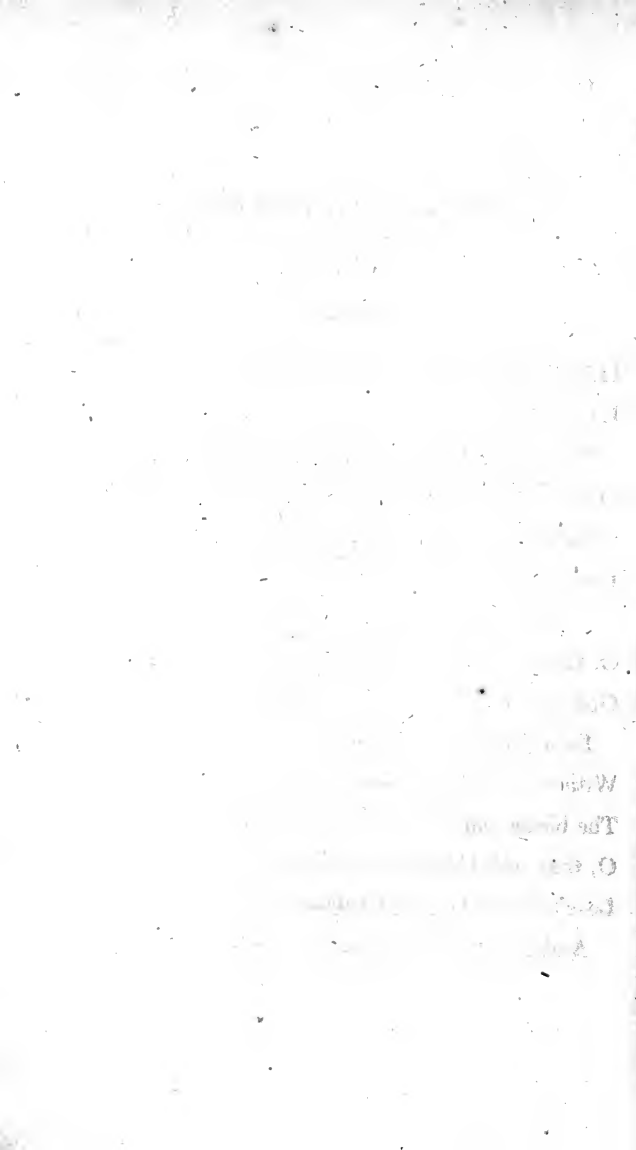
In spite of proverbs, rogues each other cheat ;
The bread of honesty alone is sweet :
From bad associates nought but ill proceeds ;
And flowers best flourish when most clear'd of weeds.



THE WREATH OF LOVE;

AN ALLEGORY,

IN FOUR CANTOS OF IRREGULAR VERSE.



THE WREATH OF LOVE.

CANTO FIRST.

HAD Eve's too curious spirit stay'd
Its restless yearnings to be made
Wiser than Heaven propos'd, then Love
Had been untroubled, pure, and holy ;
Such as, on mission from above,
Love came to soothe man's melancholy.

O, that the blessing, last and best,
God gave to man—who felt unblest
By all the joys of Paradise,
Without dear woman—lovely dower !
The bloom and fragrance of life's flower—
O, that such blessing should destroy
Love's sacred hope and hallow'd joy,
And give him up to agony and vice !

Yet, 'twas not woman but the fiend,
Who came like things unclean, yet bright,
On fairest flow'rs engendering blight.
Woman, sweet flower ! by ignorance was screen'd
From shame and sorrow ; but the tempter came
And whisper'd, " knowledge : " through each tranquil
sense
Infus'd a subtle, searching, hectic flame,
Which wither'd purity to impotence ;
Then thirsted sense for joys unholy,
And woman, cheated, stoop'd to folly.

Then Love first wept ! wept tears of shame,
And had submitted to despair ;
But Hope, all-radiant, smiling came—
When driven Love from Eden's bowers—
And wove a wreath of Eden's flowers ;
Then follow'd weeping Love to where,
Heartless, upon the ground he lay,
Where thorns and thistles strew'd the way ;

Uprais'd Love from his restless bed,
And plac'd the garland on his head :
“ Wear this,” she cried, with soothing voice,
And Love shall smile, if not rejoice.
These sacred flowers can never die,
Their bloom a heavenly charm shall be,
And while Love's crown these flowers supply
His heart from anguish shall be free.”

Thus Hope, and kiss'd love's bright'ning eyes ;
And Love kiss'd Hope ; but, dread surprise !
The evil atmosphere of earth
To blight already had giv'n birth,
And Eden's flowers had chang'd their hue !
Lovely they look'd, yet flush'd, not blooming—
Like some sweet, graceful, maiden who
Feels hectic languor life consuming ;
Her flushing cheeks and faded lips
Tell that life's dew death slowly sips.

Yes, Love kiss'd Hope, half wild with bliss ;
Then Love first gave a *burning* kiss,
And thrillings felt unknown before,
That told of something wild within,
Restless, but sweet ; and yet, tho' sweet, distressing ;
Blest, but still craving, covetous of blessing.

Soft, bashful tenderness suffic'd no more ;
Tremblings, deep sighs, hot breathings, tears,
And blushes told, mid bliss, of fears,
And fierce desires, the progeny of sin.

Love kiss'd sweet Hope, and, all-subdued,
Burst into tears of gratitude :
“ O, never, never, from me part,”
He cried, “ O, feel my panting heart ;
Without thy presence I must die ;
With thee life's immortality.”

But love no longer pure as when
In Eden, to the first of men,

Eve burst upon his ravish'd sight,
Like a full stream of heavenly light ;
Her Maker's image, beaming grace ;
Heaven's transcript in her form and face :
Adam beheld, and raised his eyes,
In speechless gratitude, to skies
That more refulgent seem'd to shine
In honour of the gift divine.

Love, no longer heavenly pure,
Had fear to dread, and doubt endure,
And headstrong passion to oppose,
Leagu'd with a host of restless foes ;
And, with their force unskill'd to cope,
Requir'd the constant aid of Hope :
With yearning heart and tearful care,
He breath'd to Hope an anxious prayer.

Hope said, " The flowers that form your wreath,
From Eden's soil transported hither

Where tainted is each zephyr's breath,
Will change their hue, but never wither ;
They cannot die, though droop they may ;
And when some breath of Eden's air,
Hither wafted, fans their leaves,
And Eden's sun-beams on them play,
(Darting beyond the blessed bound
To where man tills a sullen ground)
Then shall the wreath, whose partial fading
Love, with genial nature, grieves,
Again become fresh, bright, and fair.
The essence of these flowers pervading
Thy ev'ry nerve and every vein—
As dews search flowers and earth soft rain—
As pure or tainted it may be
So shall its influence temper thee.
Then, bless'd and tranquil would'st thou prove,
O, stray not far from Eden, Love ;
And as thoughts chaste or wild pervade thee,
Thy guardian, Hope, will fly or aid thee."

She gave to Love a golden lyre ;
Taught him, with feeling and with fire,
 To wake the voices of the strings ;
Then taught him song ; and soft Desire
 Ever listens while he sings.
But first she taught him how to sing,
 As seraphs sing, th' Eternal's praise ;
And while the hymn employ'd the strings
 His wreath was brilliant as his lays :
Full Eden's rays upon it shone
 Bright as when in Eden's bowers
 Bloom'd those rich and fragrant flowers ;
And where such rays beam sickly dews are none.

When died the pious strain away,
Love tun'd to Hope a grateful lay ;
 Hope listen'd, with that charming smile
Whose dimpling sweetness none withstand ;
 Her balmy lips half-clos'd the while,
Across her heaving breast her hand ;

Her soft blue eyes, half languishing,
Turn'd upon love, who—as the string
He touch'd, with that melodious tone
That makes th' enraptur'd soul its own,
And sang, “ Sweet, Hope!”—on hers, in turn,
Fix'd his full eyes, which seem'd to burn,
Till tears of sensibility,
Gushing, subdued their fervency.

Hope, half enthusiast, seem'd to prove
The stealing influence of Love ;
And from that hour, Hope, kind as fair,
Where Love is fondly lingers there.

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

CANTO SECOND.

SORROWING went the ejected pair
From Paradise, and with them LOVE ;
They went not with th' ingenuous air
And tranquil tenderness that prove
The heart's sweet confidence in bliss :
Their eyes no longer beam'd delight,
Seeking each other with that gaze
Of kindred harmony that plays
Around the heart till souls unite.

Now, timid, tearful glances show
Fear, wavering faith, suspicion, woe,
And fever'd love, abash'd and blushing—
Not with joy's mantling but shame's flushing :
Languid and trembling was their kiss ;

While downcast look and labouring sigh
Prov'd Love's new inmate—agony ;
And then, when roses there were born,
Love's favourite flower first bare a thorn.

Love journey'd with them, and his wreath,
Although distemper'd, show'd not death ;
And—till the *parricide* by blood
Dy'd earth with that accursed stain
Which all the waters of the flood
Could never blanch—reliev'd from pain,
With Adam's sons and daughters fair
Love dwelt ; his wreath felt Eden's air,
And Eden's sun-beams ; Love was blest
With Hope, with harmony, and rest.

But when Cain's hell-directed blow
A second curse on nature brought,
Then from the ground that blood first drank
Rose unaccustom'd vapours ; rank,

And pregnant with mephitic dews ;
Which, falling on the wreath, soon wrought
A change so piteous Hope shed tears,
While Pity kiss'd them off, Hope's fears
Soothing, while sigh'd herself with woe.

And as the wreath flow'rs chang'd their hues,
Their subtle, sickly, essence through

Love's frame stole fatally and fast :
The fever'd boy romantic grew,

Wanton and wild, and flush'd and fierce ;
Now languish'd and then look'd aghast,
Then wail'd, till echo caught his tones ;
Rocks, caves, and wilds, renew'd his moans,
And ne'er did such the bosom pierce.

Weep for Love ! for his wreath is fading,
The wreath that Hope fondly wove,
When sorrow, his bosom pervading,
Made pensive the eyes of Love.

O, how he rejoic'd in its blooming,
Those flowers so fragrant and fair !
Now, blight all their beauties consuming,
O, weep for Love's sad despair.

Weep for Love ! echo mourns his wailing,
How piteous her replies !
O, weep, for Love's strength is failing,
And bitter his tears and sighs:
Away cruel Hope is flying,
Who sooth'd all his sorrows before ;
Weep, Pity ! for Love is dying,
And Nature will smile no more.

Thus Nature Hope and Pity woo'd ;
While Love, all-fitful, from his hair
Snatch'd the distemper'd wreath ; to tear
Its flowers asunder, and abroad

Scatter them wildly ; to elude

Their fascination ; when, behold,

Appear'd a cloud of lucid gold,

And Love was to submission aw'd.

The cloud parted, Hope came down,

Surveying Love with transient frown—

For frowns from Hope's mild brow flee fast

As breath on purest diamonds cast,

Which but an instant shades their light,

Passes, and brightness seems more bright.

Love trembling stood, with shame and fear ;

His meek defence a gushing tear ;

Hope took his lyre, and thus she sung,

With cheering smile, and soothing tongue.

“ Dry, O Love, those eyes beguiling,

Rid from sighs that heaving breast ;

Eyes so bright were made for smiling,

Heart so fond to be at rest.

“ Briers and blossoms grow together ;
Grief to temper Joy was born ;
Shall we leave the rose to wither
Lest our fingers feel the thorn ?

“ Slight the thorn and seize the flower,
Wear it proudly on your breast ;
Hope to heal will give it power ;
Love again shall be at rest.”

Love, thus sooth'd, a furtive glance
At Hope directed ; then withdrew
His bashful eyes ; yet look'd askance,
Still contending with his fears.
But Hope's soft eyes of radiant blue
Woing his, with friendly wiles,
His, no longer flush'd with weeping,
Were hers coquettishly evading ;
Till, provok'd by her persuading,

O'er Love's soft cheeks consenting smiles,
Like Spring's light morning rays' first peeping,
With sweet and timid progress stole ;
Then, like the radiance of the soul
Thro' his eyes beaming, charmed away his tears.
Brighten'd his eyes, his cheek rebloom'd ;
He gave his gladden'd heart its scope,
Kissing the wreath that he resum'd ;
Then sigh'd and blush'd,
And, smiling, rush'd
Into the guardian arms of Hope.

So have I seen some petted child,
Some dimpled cherub, cross'd in will,
Grow dogged, sullen, wayward, wild ;
While Love maternal tried its skill
To lull the puny storm of ire
Which from its eyes flash'd scornful fire,

But tried in vain ; till nature's course,
Like sudden gust, had spent its force ;
Then frowning, pouting, sobbing, pride
Caress repell'd and lure defied ;

Till all the little arts to win

Which doting mothers learn and love,
Now coaxing, kissing, tickling, smiling,
And feigning tears, at length begin

The little impotent to move :

From whom, at first, a stolen look,

With pouting lips and winking eyes,
Discloses scorn rebuke to brook,

Yet some relenting. Fresh beguiling
Excites faint, transient, faithless smiles,

By frowns succeeded ; till a leer
Maidenly bashful, with a little laugh—
Half from constraint, from pleasure half—

By fondling arts extorted, tells
The triumph of affection near ;

And soon no more its bosom swells ;

But gazing on the mother's face,
Arch fondness in its eyes express'd,
Its arms extending for embrace,
It springs, and nestles in her breast.

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

CANTO THIRD.

WHEN Cain forsook the sons of God,
Mark'd for abhorrence, scar'd by guilt,
Fleeing (to hide himself in Nod)
The voice of that pure blood he spilt,
Love dwelt near Eden ; Eden's clime
Preserv'd his wreath without a blight.
He smil'd with Hope, with flowers crown'd Time,
And he was youthful Time's delight ;
Long, to capricious thoughts ne'er given,
He dwelt with joy, and earth seem'd heaven.

As Time grew older, men grew worse,
And tainted Love grew worse with man ;
Spread then the evils of that curse
Which Adam drew upon his race ;

To stray from Eden men began,
Wearied by constant resting place.
Love wander'd too ; his sickly flowers
Infected him with wanton aims ;
Insatiate wishes marr'd his hours,
And—like a wilful child, that claims
All it sees, yet, had it all,
“ More ” would be still its peevish call,
Through wish too peevish to be blest—
Love's fretful mind was ne'er at rest,
He knew not why. When Babel fell,
And men, confounded, were dispers'd,
With differing tongues, to different lands,
Love's tongue intuitively was vers'd
In every language ; he could tell,
Amid the strifes of alter'd speech,
What each man said, could answer each—
Who but Love's language understands ?
'Tis nature's voice, her children all
With rapture hasten to its call,

And never can, where'er they sprung,
Forget or slight their mother-tongue.

When craven appetites rul'd earth,
And many a monstrous crime had birth,
Love so distemper'd grew he seem'd

Approaching to insanity ;
Of Eden's bowers he talk'd and dream'd,

But talk'd and dream'd with vanity ;
For Eden's Hope had left her love,
And he to unblest bowers would rove ;

Had lost his wreath ; a wreath he made,
Alas ! made new ones every day ;

For every night the flowers would fade—
And who was Love his wreath away ?

For, O, so alter'd was he grown,
Love only by his wreath was known ;
Orgies he sought ; his pains ne'er cease—
He pin'd for Hope, he sigh'd for Peace ;

Till overcome with rankling care,
 He took his lyre, whose golden strings
He long had broken in despair ;
 And strings by Jubal made now strung
 Its tarnish'd frame ; to which he oft had sung
 Lascivious odes ; but now he sings
A lay to Hope ; and, while he sang,
The lyre was harsh :—but Jubal sprang
From Cain's infected race ; could he
Invent such chords for melody
 As Heaven's own Hope ? Ah, no !—Love sings,
While sighs and tears oft check his words ;
And well his faltering tone accords
 With the faint voices of the strings.

Hope, for ever art thou flown ?
 Wilt thou ev'ry pray'r deny ?
All is drear when thou art gone,
 All delight when thou art by.

Let Love's tears thy pity move,

Ere I die one smile impart ;

Losing Hope, ah ! what is love ?

Haste and heal my breaking heart.

Beloved Hope, no longer flee ;

Thou art all of life to me.

Mov'd by ev'ry wind that blows,

Rocks the cedar through the day ;

The bee to wither leaves the rose,

Having stol'n its sweets away.

Like the cedar restless I ;

Fears are winds, and I the tree ;

Like the pilfer'd flow'r I die ;

All life's sweetness gone with thee !

Beloved Hope, no longer flee ;

Thou art all of life to me.

Does yon lovely cloud I view

Veil thee, 'tis so heavenly bright ?

Beam thy smiles its softness through,

'Tis so rich with golden light ?

Art thou coming from above?

Haste! O, never let us part!

Losing Hope, ah! what is love?

Haste and heal my breaking heart.

Beloved Hope, no longer flee;

Thou art all of life to me.

A strain celestial floated through the air,
And Hope thus sang, for radiant Hope was there,
But sang unseen—

“Wreath thy brow with former flowers,
Peace shall in thy bosom reign;
Found the wreath of Eden’s bowers,
Hope will smile on Love again.”

She ceas’d. Love gaz’d upon the cloud
With strained eyes; but all its light
Quick was envelop’d by a shroud
Dark as the frowning of the night;

There standing mute and trembling, he
Was lost in tearless agony.
As when some youth who dearly lov'd
And dearly was belov'd again,
When death the maiden has remov'd,
And all his fondest hopes are vain ;
When o'er her corse death's tire-men throw
The sable and heart-chilling pall ;
O! how he stands with speechless woe,
As if it shut out heaven and all
From his poor bursting heart :—so Love,
For Hope was gone.——

Wak'd from his trance, the wreath he tore
That morning woven, to atone
For having worn it ; vow'd no more
To wear one till he found his own ;
Then, heartless, wander'd up and down,
With sigh and tear and sullen frown,

Seeking his wreath—as seeks some child
His favourite bird, which heedlessly
He let escape: then wanders he
Around the garden, making moan;
To every bird he sees alight
Steals softly, thinking it his own:
Ere his approach the bird has flown;
And still he finds, by Hope beguil'd,
But vain regrets his search requite.

So wander'd Love; and when he found
A youth or maiden garland-crown'd
He sought his wreath on either head—
But vainly sought: nor left he spot
Mem'ry supplied unvisited.
He sought his wreath, but found it not;
Then wearied, vex'd, desponding grew,
And hid himself in woods and caves.
Whene'er he came to stream or brook,
And of himself a transient look

Obtain'd, he from the mirror flew,
As fear flees things it shapes by graves ;
Weeping to see himself so chang'd ;
Weeping that Hope herself estrang'd ;
And, Time and he no longer friends,
None soothing with his anguish blends !

Mankind had now offended Heaven
Too flagrantly to be forgiven ;
And hence the flood, by vengeance stor'd,
O'erwhelming on the earth was pour'd.
Men sought not Love ; he sought not them,
Nor heard of Hope, nor found his wreath.
Love in the world was like a gem
Hidden some ruin'd heap beneath.
He wept, and bitter were his tears ;
Yet ofttimes would he think them sweet,
And fancy they allay'd his fears ;
And, in his vision, Hope he'd meet ;
And sweet to all such tears must prove
As then, subdued, shed pining Love ;

Repentance urg'd them, whose whole scope
Is to restore to man lost Hope.

Love, on a day, on Hope had mus'd,
While Hope unseen companion'd Love :
A moment Love felt all confus'd,
Swoon'd, and awoke :—a milk-white dove,
And perch'd upon a myrtle tree,
What time the ark good Noah sought ;
And therein with him went the dove,
Wond'ring if e'er rechang'd to be.
Into the ark the dove was brought,
And there he found—THE WREATH OF LOVE.
Some pure, kind heart of Noah's line
Had found and kept it ; for the flowers
Breath'd forth a fragrance so divine
It savour'd not of earthly bowers.

When Noah sent abroad the dove,
That bird was (Fancy whisper'd) Love ;

And Hope, though coy to Love, yet kind,
Taught him the olive-leaf to find,
Emblem of peace to Love and Man.

The ark now rested ; Nature smil'd ;
Time's second æra now began.

Love was rechang'd—a lovely child ;
But still his silken pinions wore :
For Love's commission was to soar
And bathe him in his native skies,
To wash off his impurities ;
Then through the world his way pursue,
To win all hearts and bless them too.

THE WREATH OF LOVE.

CANTO FOURTH.

A NEW world rose, with Love at rest ;
His wreath more blooming and more sweet
Than when 'twas lost. He Hope espied
Come smiling on him, like Spring's morn
Life-beaming—as some youth forlorn,
To see the maid he loves denied,
Through grave occasion should he meet
The fair one, pity in her breast—
Love's eager charity—her face
Bright'ning with smiles ; as o'er the chase
Flee shadows when the sun-beams dart,
So vanish terrors from his heart ;
And kisses that with transport burn
Tell heart for heart, and Love's return.
The youth's experience, more sublim'd,
Felt Love, Hope's grace so kindly tim'd.

His thoughts all soft and brilliant grew,

As early health sees morning dew

Catching the sun-rays, like a glass

Reflecting loveliness, all bright

With every hue obtain'd from light ;

The drops seem gems strew'd o'er the grass.

Love flew to Hope ; sweet pardon's kiss

Brought grateful tears, and all was bliss.

As Time still older grew, on earth

Men multiplied, till regions vast

Were amply peopled ; GOOD and ILL

Flourish'd, but with unequal birth ;

That with the flow'rs for increase class'd,

But *this* with all things else which fill

Creation's bound : where either cause

Rul'd paramount, the ambient air,

Impregnated, was foul or pure ;

And where *good* triumph'd all was fair ;

As good for ever blessing draws,

While *evil* can no bliss ensure.

The lovely flowers of virtue shed
Eden's celestial fragrance round,
And health (through inspiration) spread ;
But where the weeds of vice abound,
From them obnoxious vapours rise,
And foul, mephitic breath disperse,
Which taints men's hearts and blinds their eyes ;
For all ill generates is curse !
Love trac'd the earth, and, foul or fair,
His wreath was emblem of the air ;
As Hope perverse or ductile found
Capricious Love she smil'd or frown'd.

Love wing'd his flight creation round :
Where'er he came, in ev'ry clime,
'Twas ever Nature's holiday ;
Roses were scatter'd in his way,
Though ever with them briers were found.
But, oh ! his wreath foretold decay ;
For Love grew vain, as old grew Time ;

Since every knee before him bow'd,
His will became a holy law ;
And of such homage Love grew proud ;
Treated weak mortals as his slaves ;
Which fail'd not upon Love to draw
Enmity, and resistance stern.
But vain the efforts of his foes :
Wisdom, strength, valour, had to learn
The power their daring would oppose ;
For vain is he Love's power who braves.
Wisdom an arrant fool he made ;
The boasts of Valour he defied,
And sent him writhing from the field ;
When giant Strength his prowess tried
He prov'd to Love as chaff to fire.
Sages and monarchs forc'd to yield,
None dar'd against his will conspire,
And all the wreathed Love obey'd.

Invested with such sovereign power,
“ O'er all the peopled world ” his sway ;
Ebriate, he would the despot play,
Using his sceptre as a rod ;
Till, with conceit inflated grown,
He deem'd the subject world his own ;
And in a rash and frantic hour—

For Hope was far—assum'd the god,
And altars claim'd ; his victims there
Were those he shot with bow and darts,
And on his altars every where
Were offer'd up their bleeding hearts.

To punish Love—immortal he ;
Hence none could him destroy or bind—
Mad Passion came : with philters she
Hectic made Love, and—Love grew blind !
And all the roses of his wreath
Grew pallid, through her feverish breath ;
And Love, in darkness since that day,
Has been by Passion led astray.

Humbled, the god no more he feign'd ;

Hope he implor'd, but call'd in vain ;

Wond'ring, in darkness he remain'd,

And, weeping, sung a plaintive strain :

His tears, from eyes unblest with sight,

Seem'd like dew falling from sad night.

Shall I view thee, sun, no more ?

Never more be bless'd with sight ?

Yes, my dreams shall day restore,

And I shall bathe my eyes in light.

Yet, awaking from the dream,

O, what pangs will rack my mind !

Guided by no friendly beam,

Love, alas ! alas ! is blind.

Roses, by your odour led,

As music leads the tuneful ear,

I shall find your fragrant bed,

But not to me one rose appear.

Sun, on me thy rays will shine,
I their warmth alone shall find ;
Thine is day, but night is mine—
Love, alas ! alas ! is blind.

Hope, mine eyes were blue like thine ;
Morn, like thine, my eyes were bright ;
Would thy star, sweet morn, were mine,
To cheer me in this starless night.
Farewell Hope ! but still to thee
I'll fondly sing, thou dear unkind !
Yet ever must the burthen be
Love, alas ! alas ! is blind.

But Love, though humbled, blind and sad,
The homage kept of every heart :
Poesy sang to make him glad,
And Music join'd her magic art,
Vainly, till with them Time combin'd :
His healing opiate calm'd Love's mind ;

And Love smil'd—sighing—for afar
Was Hope, his light, his leading star.

Hope, relenting, Love soon cheer'd,
And for her absence wrought amends ;
She kiss'd his sweet extinguish'd eyes—

And 'tis as if the soul to kiss
When kissing eyes—his eyes she kiss'd ;
And chas'd the tears that would arise :

Yet some, as loath to be dismiss'd,
Stood trembling in them, and appear'd

Like lov'd companions, robb'd of bliss,
Ling'ring o'er dear departed friends.

Hope sooth'd her Love, and for his sight
Gave him a beam of inward light,
By which he saw a secret guide
To lead him ; Hope, too, at his side,
Fear to dispel and lull his pain ;
She said on earth he must remain,

For what were life when wanting Love?

Told him his wreath would be a charm

To soothe each sensitive alarm,

If for his type he took the dove ;

But bloom no more like Eden's flowers

Till Love return'd to Eden's bowers ;

For there, she said, he would alight,

And Eden's glories bless his sight,

When Time expir'd.—Hence, lovers cross'd

And parted, thinking they have lost

Their hearts' sole Eden, day by day,

Are ever wishing time away.

She bade him of caprice beware,

And use his golden bow and darts ;

Changing their nature, by her skill,

To give sweet wounds, yet never kill,

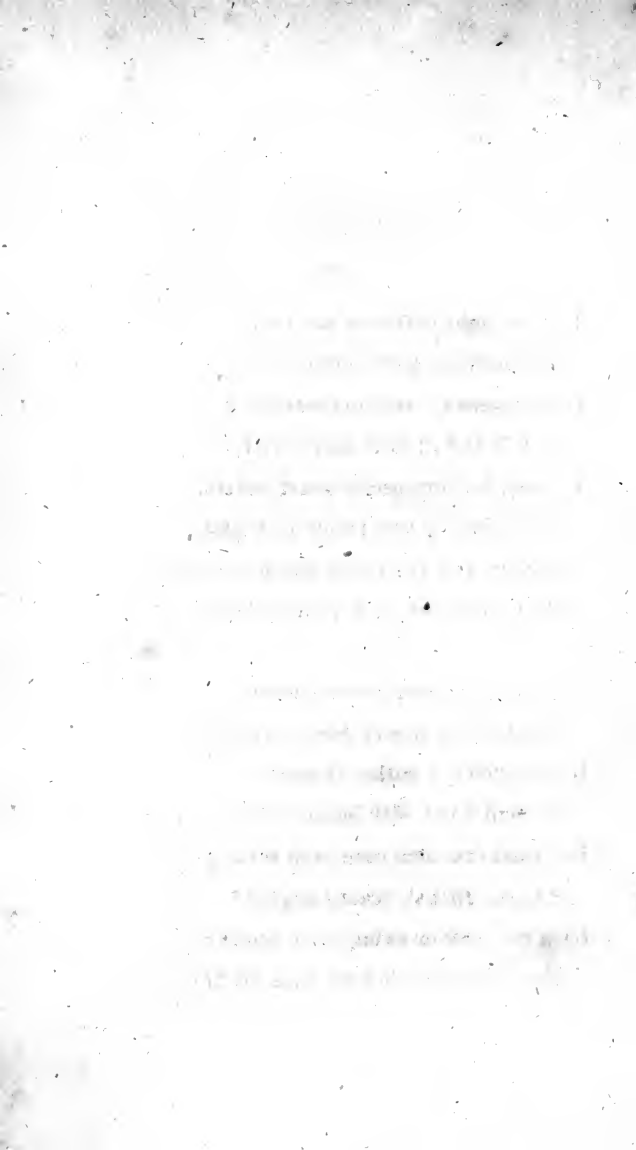
But give affection's thrill to hearts.

Lovers she vow'd to make her care

When love shot wisely ; but, as men,
Adoring, would his altars throng,
Turning a blessing to a God,
They of their sin must reap the fruit,
And that they worshipping'd prove their rod ;
So, when Love shot his darts again,
Since blind, at random he must shoot,
And random shafts oft wound the wrong.
Hence Lovers to this hour oft find,
When tied the knot, that Love is blind.

Each secret wish let reason move,
She'll guard from every erring dart,
Guiding the kindest to the heart ;
Then will the marriage garland prove
The gift of Hope, the WREATH OF LOVE.

LYRICAL FANCIES.



SAILOR'S SONG.

I've thought of it over and over,
The mistress best suiting a tar
Is his country ; and no truer lover
You'll find, if near sailing or far.
For her, braving peril's worst waters,
With life, O, how freely he'll part ;
And then, too, her sweet smiling daughters,
Why, somehow they all have his heart.

The laurel he gains for her glory ;
What triumph such honour bestows !
But wouldn't it wither in story
If 'twain'd not with beauty's sweet rose ?
For what can such grace and such splendour
As dear British beauty impart ?
Each tar, sink or swim, its defender ;
For, somehow, they all have his heart.

THE RINGLET AND WREATH.

LOVELY maid, thy locks when braiding
Set one little ringlet free ;
Smiling then at my persuading,
Kiss that curl and send it me.
Let some odorous zephyr bear it,
Perfum'd by thy breath alone ;
As a charm of love I'll wear it
Near a heart that's all thine own.
O, set one little ringlet free,
Kiss that curl and send it me.

Lovely maid, through Hope's beguiling,
I a wreath have twin'd for thee ;
Wilt thou, like an angel smiling,
Kiss it when it comes from me ?

If too bold appear my bearing,

Think, to frown ere thou incline,

Love too meek for tender daring

Is not worthy charms like thine.

O, set one little ringlet free:

Kiss the wreath that comes from me.

CONTEMPT OF PITY.

O, WHY should I sing with the accent of sorrow,
Or let my heart whisper its anguish in sighs?
Careless Levity, rather thy smile let me borrow,
Lest, Pity awaking, my blushes should rise.
Though proud was the Spartan recorded in story,
Who boldly expir'd while concealing his pain;
The pride which can stifle its sorrow is glory,
And he's the true hero who scorns to complain.

Then bring me my lyre, let me sweep the strings over,
With touch energetic and chords of full sound;
The song let me sing which proclaims the free rover,
And friends, to applaud, will throng eagerly round.
But few are the hearts, when the spirits are sinking,
That seek the lone mourner, his hope to sustain;
Yet 'tis trifling with manhood from trouble when
shrinking,
And he's the true hero who scorns to complain.

Were Pity the creature divine Heaven made her,
In secret, with silence, to raise the sad heart,
Then Grief might with honour call Pity to aid her ;
But Pity, once humble, from Pride copied art ;
And now, self-enamoured, when visiting sadness,
She whispers to reeds, if no ear she obtain ;
Then spurn the coquet, dress your manners in glad-
ness,
And be the true hero who scorns to complain.

SYMPATHY.

The idea from a passage in the Rambler.—No. 59, vol. i.

THE screech owl I hate who is ever complaining,
Too selfish his part of life's troubles to bear ;
But the soft subdued mourner 'twere cruel arraiging,
Who looks for compassion, to banish despair ;
Whose sigh never heaves to give pain to another,
But ease to the poor breaking heart to ensure ;
And 'tis but a duty, from brother to brother,
To hear sorrow with kindness, tho' failing to cure.
Who suffers in silence the pang that destroys him
Best copies the hero, that fondling of fame ;
But he who confesses the pang that annoys him
To a title more noble than hero lays claim :
To the social name *man*—'twere ungen'rous to smother
His sorrow, and fancy compassion is coy ;
For sure 'tis a duty, from brother to brother,
To let those share our grief who have claims on our joy.

LOVE SECRETS.

I'd carol of Love and the sweet maiden blush,
Of heart-thrilling glances, but prudence cries "hush!"
For, amorous ditties so numerous prove,
Taste frowns, and cries, sighing, "I'm weary of Love!"
Only fools make of delicate mysteries pother;
Soft feelings are sacred and not to be sung,
Only tenderly whisper'd from one heart to t'other,
While blushes reproach the least slip of the tongue.

Love's eye should but answer the beam that invites it;
The glance that tells secrets true heart never won;
The delicate mind veils the hope that requites it,
Lest it die, like the fire when expos'd to the sun.
O, list'ning for ever to amorous ditty
True fondness destroys and makes bashfulness bold;
'Tis, alone, maudlin passion goes whining for pity;
Love, cherish'd by modesty, never grows cold.

Dear woman's the exquisite magnet of nature,
And love is the heart-thrilling homage we pay,
But Beauty has not a more delicate feature
Than the caution that Love should, if grateful,
display.
That name to the heart, which sweet transport dis-
closes
Too sacred should be for a toast or a tale ;
And the breathings of Love, like the perfume of
roses,
Are exquisite death, when surcharging the gale.

CURIOSITY AND CUPID.

CURIOSITY, simple and young,
Went carelessly singing one day ;
A boy from a myrtle grove sprung,
Who look'd like the brother of May.
“ Ah ! where, pretty urchin,” said she,
“ With arch-looking eyes, do you rove ?”
“ O, dear, pretty miss,” replied he,
“ 'Tis a secret as pleasing as Love.”

Curiosity would with him hie,
His secret to win by the way ;
A small golden toy caught her eye,
Conceal'd in his bosom that lay.
She said, “ What is that, like a dart,
You fear from your bosom to move ?”
Said he, “ 'Tis a charm for the heart—
A secret as pleasing as Love.”

Curiosity came, as they went,
To where a fair youth lay asleep ;
Said the boy, " To this bower I was sent"—
Of course the nymph would have a peep :
That instant her guide drew the dart,
" My secrets," he cried, " you would prove ;
And (while laughing, he aim'd at her heart,)
You'll find them as teasing as Love."

HEALTH,

AN ODE, FROM THE GREEK OF ARIPHRON.

(A free Version.)

HEALTH, most ancient gift of Heaven,
Gift coeval with the soul ;
Life and thou, together given,
Never, never, should be riven,
Till nature reach her mortal goal.

Yet from Life thou oft wilt flee,
Leaving pensive Life to moan ;
As lately thou hast flown from me,
And, pining, still I watch for thee,
With wearied longing eyes—alone !

Oh ! heavenly Health, to me return,
For we were twins—bethink thee, Health ;
A claim so tender never spurn ;
Canst thou, by nature kind, be stern ?
Thy friendship was my only wealth.

With thee let Life's remainder pass ;
To bless my cot, ah ! ne'er refuse ;
For what in worth with thee can class ?
All pomp can show, or wealth amass,
Is worthless, if thy smiles I lose.

To wealth, to pleasure, sov'reign sway,
The pride of ancestry, or heirs ;
To all that splendour gives the day,
To all that gives the spirits play,
Or gives repose to soothe our cares,

Thou giv'st to bless—the soft desires
That into Love's sweet toil we chase ;
The balmy hopes, and holy fires,
And all that sympathy requires,
From thee, alone, derive their grace.

Parent of happiness ! with thee
The dearest joys alone are bless'd ;
Only where thou art bloom can be ;
Thou spring of sweetness ! live with me,
Or vainly must I hope for rest.

THE BROKEN HEART.

MARK yon blighted flower,
Yonder wither'd tree ;
Mark yon mouldering tower,
Yonder wreck at sea :
What the picture these impart ?
Pity sighs,
And sadly cries,
“ 'Tis, alas ! the broken heart.”

If the basis moulder,
Can the dome endure ?
Props but vainly shoulder ;
Razing is the cure.
Death the emblem will impart :
Pity sighs,
And “ Death,” she cries,
“ Only heals the broken heart.”

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

A BEE, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose ;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.
It tickled, and wak'd her ; when, clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her ; and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, “ Take the sting out, I pray you ;”
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.
I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her—the act was no wise one ;
The sting found its way to my heart.

ODE TO MY CAT.

Pussy, mock-innocent, for thou art white,
And look'st of innocence the very type ;
But, dearest Pussy, thou 'rt a hypocrite,
For many a mouse expires within thy gripe ;
Yet dost thou look demure their blood while spilling,
Like devotees when reputations killing.

Pussy, thou seemest like a happy wight,
For thou, for muse who carest not a souse,
Having no brains to think, nor tact to write,
Carest far less for madrigal than mouse.
Critics ne'er *thee* maul, Puss, as me they do :
A mouse am I to them, to me they 're you.

Pussy, thine eyes like Tasso's cat's don't shine ;
Half clos'd, small speculation do they show ;
Would of crabb'd Care so reckless close could mine !

But Care and I forgather'd long ago :
Care that doth teach man Virtue's trinity,
Self-knowledge, Patience, and Humility.

ON A PRETTY COQUETTE.

DELIA has eyes, and uses them ;
 Prenez garde, m'amie !
No one power refuses 'em,
 But pow'r o'erpow'r'd may be ;
And Delia, list : who bend the bow
 And arrows shoot at random,
A silly bird may hit or so,
 But sly ones understand 'em ;
And, as they fly, the archer mock,
And—as the cuckoo in the clock
 Reminds us of Time's flying—
A hint to folly—Delia, so,
The birds, secure, off chirping go,
 The archer's skill defying :
Some silly bird, perhaps, is caught,
And silly bird's not worth a thought.

Delia has eyes, and uses them—

Prenez garde, m'amie !—

Eyes as his books Love chooses them :

Should they light reading be ?

For he who reads not generously

Some casual expression

May find whose meaning he may see

At variance with discretion.

Some roguish eye may catch the beam

Which Delia darts (*per chance*, 'twould seem)—

And haply may see through it :

That roguish eye may own, mayhap,

A roguish heart ; in her own trap

Poor Delia caught may rue it—

Herself, the silly bird, be caught ;

And silly bird's not worth a thought.

INVITATION.

O, HIE thee to these peaceful shades
Where ne'er ambition treads ;
Sweet meditation haunts these glades,
Where art no trammel spreads.

Unscar'd the linnet sits and sings,
Uncull'd the flow'rets blow ;
The timid hare her brood here brings,
Where untrac'd streamlets flow.

Then, hither to these shades away
To pure affection dear ;
What modest tenderness may say
Shall reach no busy ear.

And I will whisper how I love,
And when you answer me,
With words that shall my fears remove,
Your blushes none will see.

And while enraptur'd here I sit,
Where wild flow'rs' scent the air,
And linnets sing, and gold-birds flit,
And, by me plac'd my fair,

While lilacs solar heat assuage,
And beams o'erpow'ring screen—
O, I shall think it Time's first age
And Paradise the scene.

THE LOVER'S CALL.

Up, my maiden, and bind your hair,
Up, and inhale the morning air ;
Over the meadow, and brush the dew,
And the odours of morning shall breathe for you.

Up, and welcome the freshful morn ;
Instead of the beetle to wind his horn,
Hark ! where the hum of the golden bee
Directs to the flowers I'll cull for thee.

Up, and away where the May-bud blooms,
Where the glittering glow-worm at night illumines ;
But now the dew sparkles, with diamond sheen,
On the blossom that shall on your breast be seen.

Up, for the lark has commenc'd his song ;
Up, for morn's loveliness beams not long ;
Your own chaste emblems arise and see,
For yours are morn's sweetness and purity.

LINES,

On seeing a young Lady, who was blind, playing on the Lute.

AND thou, in darkness wrapt, dost wake

The lute, and smile with tranquil joy ;

While me thy strains so pensive make

I sigh, while watching thy employ ;

Wondering that thou canst feel such calm delight,

Whose every day is but a sleepless night !

Yet, one bright gift if Heaven resume,

Some sense retain'd more vigorous grows ;

New splendour may the mind illumine

When vision's orbs in darkness close ;

Some meteor thus on midnight pours its ray ;

So the dark seer through night saw clearest day.

Great HANDEL, in the ebon shade,
Imagin'd such a soul of sound,
As if a giant had been made
Of cloud, yet all-substantial found.
Mind's radiance lit him to explore
Regions of harmony unknown before.

And awful MILTON, vision-seal'd,
Soar'd nearer Heaven than before ;
Diviner attributes reveal'd,
And, like his Samson, when no more
He saw, a prodigy display'd
That cast his former wond'rous deeds in shade !

THE MANIAC'S FUNERAL,

Written upon seeing at Bethlem Hospital what the Poem describes.

THE portal open'd wide—where madness sits,
“ Bays to the moon,” or churns, in moody fits :—
A coffin came ; age made the bearers slow ;
One weeping woman all the train of woe !
Her pace and port like somewhat without breath ;
Life's shadow walking in the vale of death.
The widow's weeds, all neat, though scant and poor,
Girt her thin, tottering, frame ; her face, obscure,
Close-curtain'd by a hood ; a 'kerchief old,
But white, of modest decency that told,
Clench'd in her hand, oft hast'ning to her eyes,
Publish'd her tears ; her labouring breast with
sighs

Seem'd struggling ; down she hung her wretched
head,

And seem'd half dying, while she mourn'd the dead !

Mourn'd ?—'twas a maniac to the grave they bore ;

And, sure, 'twas blessing that his life was o'er ;

Joy should have hail'd it—joy ?—the widow's tear

Gush'd for past days, when every hour was dear ;

For their first love, and joys for ever flown—

And then, with horror, to his mind o'erthrown

Quick flew her thoughts, and half-o'erturn'd her own.

She saw him wooing her consenting smile ;

Then heard him raving with demoniac bile—

Saw him a corpse, his madness all forgot,

Felt all her loss, and shudder'd at her lot :

A widow, desolate !—while life was his,

Hope to returning reason look'd, and bliss ;

Each false remission of his mental strife

Rous'd fear to fortitude, gave hope new life ;

And scarce a starting tear—for tears would start—

Could gush, ere check'd by Hope's officious art.

But, *now*—all's past ! herself alone remains ;
No kindly care her sinking heart sustains ;
Dank, frigid, certainty has hope revers'd,
And fear has flown, and death has done his worst :
Herself, alone ! her tears, entreating, fall
To Death, to take herself, and finish all !

THE END.

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